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WE HAD A BOOK *By Della T. Lutes*

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"She is still a daughter of the Hudson River squirearchy, wise enough and intelligent enough . . . to adapt herself to a new and rather awful time, when the poor need housing and relief instead of red flannel petticoats and nourishing jellies"

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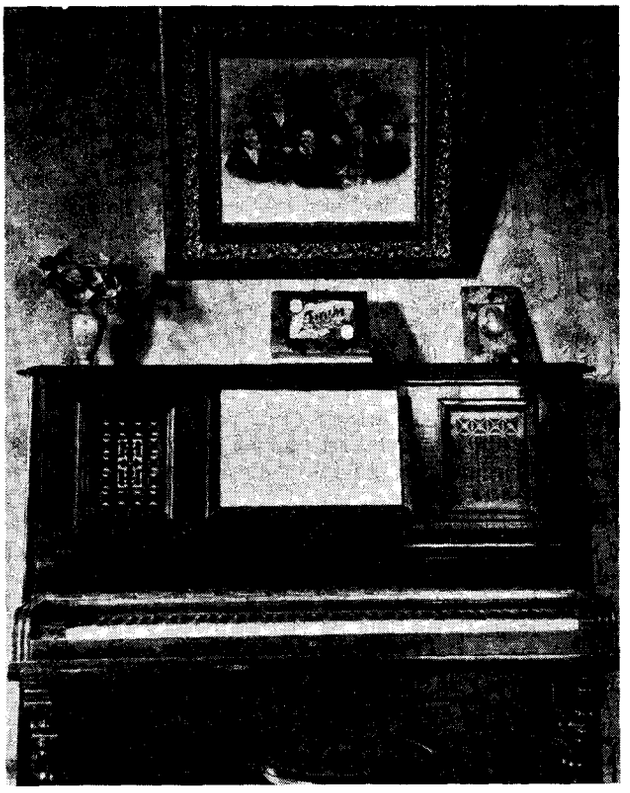
We Had a Book

BY DELLA T. LUTES

TWO, in fact—that you could count on finding in practically every Mid-Western home in that period to which we now so glibly refer as "Horse and Buggy Days." Most particularly I speak of the late seventies and the eighties, that prosperous period when the farm home was drifting pleasantly along in a serene contentment so soon to be destroyed by the din of cogs and chains, wheels and winches, and other apparatus pertaining to a machine age.

These farm people were not what we of today would call readers, but there were few houses that did not display some books at least. The book agents saw to that. And what reading was done, even though much of it savored strongly of sentiment, would stand up pretty well in a comparison with today's perusal of the printed page by the same class of people. So far, that is, as mental or spiritual value is concerned.



THE ALBUM IN THE PARLOR
Photo by Willard Van Dyke, from "U. S. Camera, 1936" (Morrow).

The two books to which I refer were the almanac and the Family Bible, their daily usefulness rated in the order given.

The Family Bible was still ponderously opened for morning prayers in some homes, and a record of births, deaths, and marriages was faithfully kept on the gold-embellished or illuminated pages inserted in the middle of the book for that purpose. It also served a secondary, but nevertheless valuable, purpose in lifting an infantile form to reaching height at the dinner table. But its greatest significance lay in the bare fact of possession. Not to own a huge, handsomely bound, deeply embossed, gold-leafed Family Bible would have been an admission not only of an unorthodox disregard for Holy Writ but also of ignorance in social custom. The Family Bible, the Family Album, a stereoscope, and a wreath of wo'sted, hair, feather, or wax flowers under glass, were accepted symbols of cultural life.

The Bible (with or without a gold clasp according to financial status or the persuasive powers of the salesman) lay on a marble-topped table in the parlor for all who were privileged to enter that august room to see; but the almanac was another matter. It was for daily and familiar use, and hung to a nail in the kitchen wall. In my own home its position, year in and year out, was on the base of the clock shelf next to my father's razor strop. And it was consulted for weather, for historical data, status and condition of the moon (especially in planting season), for personal reminders as jotted down on margin or blank pages (April 6, heifer calf born to Rosy; May 10, Ebenezer taken with lung fever). And for general information. It was also a source of entertainment.

"Hostetter's Almanac," if I remember rightly, was a little lighter in nature than others. There were jokes and stories, occasionally illustrated.

Another virtue of the almanac lay in the fact that it was free. The drug store was the distributing source as it also was the agency for the various nostrums sponsoring the almanac. Hostetter's, for instance, offered a "Bitters" as panacea for insomnia, indigestion, despondency, and deficiency of vital powers. My father held great store by the almanac, especially Hostetter's, and never failed to be on hand the first of the year to get his copy, but he took no stock in these "Bitters."

"All tarnation nonsense," he would snort each year as he skipped the enthusiastic testimonials to pore over the prognostications and prophecies, "payin' *a dollar a bottle* for stuff 't ain't a patch to what you can make out o' rhubarb, yeller dock, dandelion, mandrake, and sassafras." He seldom mentioned —being a teetotaler by principle —the good old rye that played no inconsiderable part in this concoction, but if he had, it would have been to the effect that at least he knew what *kind* of likker went into his bitters.

Will Carleton's Poems was another book to be found on many a parlor table, particularly in Southern Michigan where he was born. "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse," "Betsy and I Are Out," "They've Bought a Bran' New Organ, Sue" and "Out of the Old House Nancy Moved Up Into the New" were as familiar recitations from every school rostrum or "Lyceum" stage, as "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight" and "Darius Green and His Flying Machine."

"Elocution" was an accepted factor in the curriculum of both country and town schools, and "Randall's Reading and Elocution" was as essential to the higher grade in learning as "Saunders' Arithmetic," and, in my opinion, quite as valuable. Not only did it acquaint the student with at least samples of good literature, but it aided him in the development of poise in manner and clear speech. Today we pay for such as "special training" outside the school.

Poetry played no small part in our emotional lives, and volumes of Tennyson, "Lucile," Browning, and Jean Ingelow in padded leather covers, embossed in gold, were popular gifts to graduates. So was Longfellow, but I never saw him under

Next Week
CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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soft mauve, cream, or brown cushioning. He came in more severe brown or blue with plenty of red and gold embellishment on the pages, and sterner protection.

We loved poetry—the younger of us. We recited "Locksley Hall" and "Maud Muller," "The Last Ride Together" and "Divided," all poems into which we could dreamily read our own fond destiny. We intoned the "Psalm of Life" and "The Rainy Day" and such as dashed a satisfying gloom over our youthful imaginative spirits. And to this day I can recite the last verse of "Thanatopsis" with a solemn verve and flavor that I couldn't, for the life of me, feel if I hadn't learned it at seventeen—or thereabouts.

Youth today studies poetry analytically and as part of the school curriculum. We read it—to satisfy our romantic souls, and by such grace got the more out of it.

Aside from what you might call such stock literature as named, there were certain authors with whom most of us who read at all were familiar. Mary J. Holmes, for instance, over whose "Lena Rivers" and "Tempest and Sunshine" we thrilled and wept—as have others after us. These two, it seems to me, must have been about the best of her prolific production, and yet certain other titles such as "Milbank," "Darkness and Daylight," "The English Orphans," "Hugh Worthington," "Edna Browning" are today more familiar to all women who were over fourteen in the 80's than any book written today is likely to be to the most enthusiastic of its readers fifty years from now.

The contemporaries of Mrs. Holmes—Mrs. Augusta J. Evans, whose erudite contributions were "St. Elmo," "Beulah," "Infelice," and others; Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth with "The Mysterious Marriage," "A Beautiful Fiend," "Why Did He Wed Her?" "Lilith," "Love's Bitterest Cup," "Test of Love," "Ishmael"—and all the sequels and sequels to sequels; May Agnes Fleming—"The Baronet's Bride" and "Who Wins"; Bertha M. Clay—"Golden Gates" and forty-nine others (was it Bertha M. Clay or the Duchess who was finally discovered to be a man?)—were pretty much all of the same Cinderella type; pure Cinderella with just a touch of Bluebeard.

In order to refresh my memory regarding this extremely popular literature of my youth, I have been rereading a number of these books. "St. Elmo" for one. And in spite of the fact that I hadn't seen a "St. Elmo" since I was sixteen or thereabouts, the minute I began on it, certain of the scenes were more familiar to me than any in "The Last Puritan," or even "Gone with the Wind," six months after reading. That, for instance, when the "tall strong man with a gray shawl thrown over one shoulder—and the harsh and swarthy face" walked up and down before the door of the blacksmith shop where his ugly tempered but "beautiful and spirited" horse was being shod. We adored St. Elmo as, later, we adored Mr. Rochester in "Jane Eyre" and as today women bow before the bulldozing Rhett Butler in "Gone with the Wind."

It must be that the feminine soul craves dominance. *"A woman, a dog and a hickory tree, the more you beat 'em, the better they be."* And not only decent dominance, but rudeness, cruelty.

In most of these books the hero is sheathed in a harsh, cynical, bitter husk of defense. Always he has been wronged—and, of course, by some hussy. He was a sweet little boy, a handsome, tender-hearted (and gullible) youth. Then he was deceived. Some false-hearted, treacherous female laid him low and didn't he turn bad! Always, ever after until Edna Earl or Dora Dean or Beulah Benton with their high-handed, high-minded, Puritanic wiles, conquered his heart and brought him to his knees. Of course none of these statuesque beauties (usually an orphan) will condescend to be contaminated by the wicked hero until he reforms, although early in the story they recognize the fallibility of their virgin hearts. At that moment is set up a defense mechanism of leaving roofs (practically gold-plated) in order to be independent; returning rich gifts from guardians and benefactors—in the interest of self-respect; refusing to meet the flashing glance from black eyes (black eyes were greatly in the preponderance), showing signs of melting, and so on, such as no modern analyst could have dreamed.

St. Elmo was probably the most outrageously brutal of all the Victorian heroes—therefore best beloved, longest remembered. Jane Eyre's Mr. Rochester came next, and Rhett Butler comes dashing along at this late date, no mean runner-up.

I remember, too, at my first reading of "St. Elmo," standing on the shore, as it were, and watching awesomely as Mrs. Augusta J. Evans ponderously, but nevertheless skillfully, ploughed her erudite way through a sea of Greek mythology, Roman history, ancient and modern verse, and God knows what; I most certainly did not—and do not yet. But I still, however, most respectfully marvel at what that woman knew. And at how she even handed on her learned laurels to her literary heroine, Edna Earl, who was dubbed by St. Elmo, who loved to pontificate, in a sonorous and pontifical speech a *literari*—the branded! The lettered slave. (I never knew what the term meant until I read "St. Elmo"!)

Still, you have to hand it to her. She could lead you through, or over—according to whether you tagged or hurdled—page after page of profound, pedantic, erudite, hopelessly encyclopedic speech, just to be sure you missed nothing of St. Elmo's satyric devilishness. Nevertheless, and in spite of carping maturity and the influence of snappy modern literachoor, I have read few books whose scenes remain in my mind as clear and unblurred by the passing of time as do those of "St. Elmo" and "Jane Eyre," nor whose sonorous phrases, such as "past all peradventure," rolled so unctuously upon the tongue as those of Mrs. Augusta J. Evans.

Mrs. Evans, I fancy, was the Mrs. Wharton of her times and Mrs. Holmes the Lloyd Douglas or Harold Bell Wright. All of them reeked with sentiment (Mrs. Evans being of a little higher type) according to the taste of their day. And all of them doted upon orphans. Orphans and impoverished dependents who always heroically cast off their dependency and became school teachers (sometimes, eventually authoresses—anonymous).

They doted upon little hunchback boys, or boys who had club feet, and who inevitably died on your hands. On beautiful frail young girls, who, thwarted in love, languished and were "enshrouded in the tomb." And of course there was a happy ending.

At about this same time Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney was writing her Faith Gartney girl stories; and Mayne Reid "The Rifle Rangers" for boys. But they made but a light impression on us compared to these rich and colorful tales where sin (always cloaked and hushed) was punished—or reformed, and virtue triumphed.

There was no circulating library in that day, but these romantic novels of syrupy

(*Continued on page* 15)

Fact and Fable

By ROBERT DAVID O'BRIEN

MELCHISEDECH had lived alone
For many a season,
He fed on thistles and on stone,
And with some reason.

Solomon was a king and leader,
Son of David.
He paved a house with gold and cedar,
To God he gave it.

Melchisedech was old and separate
And very holy,
He took his tithes and healed the reprobate
And loved the lowly.

Solomon loved his God and gold,
His sins were many.
Melchisedech the great high-priest of old
Had not a penny.

Melchisedech and Solomon, these twain
Were wise and wary.
Melchisedech will alone remain
A visionary.

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Daughter of the Squirearchy

THIS IS MY STORY. By Eleanor Roosevelt. New York: Harper & Bros. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by JOSEPH W. ALSOP, JR.

THE lives of public figures, as set down by themselves, are usually on the dull side. The temptation to give a hitch to the toga and pull the laurel wreath round straight is all but irresistible. Therefore it is all the more surprising to find that Mrs. Roosevelt's "This Is My Story" is admirable stuff. Instead of the expected carefully posed picture, whose details are rendered entirely trivial and meaningless by the essential falseness of the whole, Mrs. Roosevelt has offered a self-portrait simple and frank to the point of naïveté, but charming and true and really valuable. Its values hardly lie in its literary pretensions—it is completely unpretentious. It is not witty—if anything, rather too much on the alkaline side. It is not consciously artful—the best thing about it is its unselfconscious straightforwardness. But you close it with the impression that you have just met a living, breathing person, and rather a fine person too. Anyone who wants to know Mrs. Roosevelt, and she is distinctly worth knowing, should read her book.

The book is not only a self-portrait; it is also the picture of an era. Mrs. Roosevelt writes of herself largely in terms of her beginnings, revealing herself as she is now in her attitude towards the experiences of her early years, and somehow or other she has managed to recreate her youth completely. It is the Henry James era she portrays, and the first and best two-thirds of "This Is My Story" is pure Henry James from before the emigration,

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
"We were married on St. Patrick's Day, 1905, because Uncle Ted (Theodore Roosevelt), who was to give me away, was coming on for the parade."

oddly translated into the language of a well-bred but far from literary woman.

At the start, Mrs. Roosevelt introduces you to the society into which she was born, the little world of Livingstons, Clarksons, De Peysters, and other well-connected persons who were kind to the poor, dined with one another, cultivated their minds in a mild fashion, and still seemed to rule New York. She belonged to it, really, on her mother's side, for her adored father, Elliott Roosevelt, brother of Theodore, was to some degree an outlander, being rougher, less conventional, and more concerned with people in general than with the right people. He was, however, drawn into it by his beautiful but rigid wife, and through Mrs. Roosevelt's eyes you see them all revolving in their orbits among the securities and immutabilities.

Through her eyes, and in the microcosm of a single family, you also see the gradual decay of the little world. You see the tragedy of her father's drinking, of his death and her mother's. You see her widowed grandmother, who seems to have been a conventional-minded version of the sheep in "Alice," trying hopelessly to cope with new responsibilities in a changing age. You see two charming but do-nothing uncles also beginning to drink, and a pretty aunt marrying into a new little world where the dinner parties were far gayer and high play and hard riding had replaced being kind to the poor. And in the end you see Mrs. Roosevelt herself escaping from the ruins, as it were, by marrying the President.

It is the story of scores of similar families, prosperous, certain of themselves and their surroundings, sure that they were the ruling members of a tightly organized ruling class in 1880, but half bankrupt and more than half forgotten by 1910. All the securities and immutabilities that Mrs. Roosevelt writes of were swept away on a flood of new money, which poured into New York so fast that Mrs. Roosevelt's little world was quite submerged by it, and the city no longer took its tone from the pleasant people who summered in the big houses along the Hudson.

That, really, is the plot of Mrs. Roosevelt's book. The curious and interesting thing about it all is to watch its effects on her as she half unconsciously records them. She was an unhappy child, plain, shy, painfully prim, made desperate and confused by the loss of the father who was the center of her life. Her mother used to call her "Granny" because she was so old-fashioned, and one can see why. Obviously she was immensely receptive, and all the conventions of the little world of her childhood, the careful, stiff propriety, the sense of duty expressed in the solemn kindness to the poor, the distaste for conspicuous display and the rest,

ELLIOTT AND ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, 1889. *"With my father I was perfectly happy."*

found a quick acceptance in her mind. Then, having learned its conventions, she found herself unprotected by the little world. She was utterly unfitted, by temperament and training, to push her way into a place in the new, showier world of money which had submerged the little old one. She forgot the little world's snobberies, retained its sense of duty, and became the Mrs. Roosevelt of today, who has used her position to make herself a sort of Lady Bountiful of the United States just as her Livingston great-grandmother used hers to make herself the Lady Bountiful of a village on the Hudson.

It may seem an odd explanation of Mrs. Roosevelt, but it is the explanation implied in her book. Everything fits into it—her constant concern for the underprivileged, her equally constant contempt for the self-indulgent and occasionally improper persons who have replaced the members of her little world in the seats of the over-privileged, her simple self-assurance in public, her curious and charming old-fashioned graciousness of manner. In fact, she is still a daughter of the Hudson River squirearchy, wise enough and intelligent enough (as few other daughters of the squirearchy have been) to adapt herself to a new and rather awful time, when the poor need housing and relief instead of red flannel petticoats and nourishing jellies.

If her book were merely the account of the end of an era and its effect on an individual, it would be interesting enough. Actually, however, Mrs. Roosevelt fills it with bits of odd, homely wisdom which experience has taught her, and which are extremely engaging. Moreover, she has crammed it with other people just as alive as herself. She recreates the personnel of her family drama as men and women are recreated in the family histories told by one generation to the next.

Her one failure is her husband. You learn that he is hard-headed in private money matters, that he likes sailing, that he is a collector by nature, that he was

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kindly in the early years of their marriage when Mrs. Roosevelt found herself unequipped to deal with the many problems which confronted her. But he, alone among the many, does not come alive. The result is that the last third of her book, when the little world is already in ruins and Mrs. Roosevelt is slowly reorienting herself in the new one, becomes a far more ordinary chronicle. Perhaps this was unavoidable under the circumstances. At any rate, Mrs. Roosevelt has produced an astonishingly interesting book.

Joseph W. Alsop, Washington correspondent of the North American Newspaper Alliance, was co-author of the recent Saturday Evening Post *series on the Supreme Court, "The 168 Days."*

The Role of the Executive

THE POWERS OF THE PRESIDENT. By W. E. Binkley. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by SUMMERFIELD BALDWIN

IN about 90,000 words, Professor Binkley has undertaken to write a history of United States politics in support of the not unfamiliar hypotheses "that two quite distinct and conflicting ideas as to the proper role of the Executive in our system runs as an unbroken thread [*sic*] through our political system," and that "the two principal parties are distinctly inclined to align themselves on opposite sides in this historic controversy." The Democratic Party has "rallied round a 'tribune of the people'," while Republican Party philosophy looks to the Congressional check of the Executive."

The author is to be congratulated for undertaking what too few contemporary American historians are bold enough to attempt: the writing of political history within the context of political ideas. He has felicitously chosen well known examples to show how conflicting ideas of parties and party leaders have found expression in effective governmental techniques: how Jefferson, a tribune of the people, fulfilled Marshall's quoted prediction, "a man who will embody himself with the House of Representatives. By weakening the office of President, he will increase his personal power," and how, on the other hand, the advent of Clay to Congress in 1816 marked the beginning of that body's emancipation from presidential control under the leadership of the Speaker. But Professor Binkley would have done well not to cloud the strictly political thesis with references to the interests ("agrarians," "slavocracy," "business") which, from time to time, supported one party or the other.

Perhaps because of a tendency to confuse the "role of the Executive" with "the powers of the President," the author has a good deal of needless trouble with the Republican sponsorship of such men as Lincoln, who "conducted himself as a tribune of the people," and of Theodore Roosevelt, "the least typical of Republican Presidents," as with the Democratic sponsorship of Pierce and Buchanan, "two irresolute incumbents," and of Cleveland, who "possessed neither the philosophic insight nor the political technique that gave such effectiveness to some of his distinguished successors in their dealings with Congress."

Presidential power (as distinct from Presidential "leadership" or "effectiveness") has its positive aspect (as commandership of the army and navy) and its negative, the veto. If it be conceded that Democratic tradition confers on the President a mandate to interfere in legislation, then Democratic Presidents may be classified into those who, like Pierce, Buchanan, or Cleveland, have interfered chiefly by the negative path of the veto, and those who, like Jackson, Wilson, or the present incumbent, exploit to the full the positive prerogative of recommending to Congress such measures as they deem necessary and expedient. This Constitutional text, as Professor Binkley remarks, was commented on at length by Wilson, in his book "Constitutional Government." On the other hand, the strength of the "least typical" Republican Presi-

Hunger for Land

SLOGUM HOUSE. By Mari Sandoz. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

THIS powerful and sombre novel of the Nebraska cattle country at the turn of the last century opens with one of the most graphic chapters in recent fiction. The central figure, Gulla Slogum, is a wife and mother bitten by so insatiable a hunger for land and respectability that she violates every law and every canon of decency to attain both, driving most of her daughters to useful prostitution under careful maternal guidance, and most of her sons to equally useful murder under parental control. At the end moral balance, it is true, is restored, for she has no satisfaction in the results of her crooked policies. Her husband, a patient male Griselda, endures an incredible domestic situation in order to comfort the hurt and wounded in the fight. The style in which this extraordinary story is conveyed has a tautness, a nervous energy admirable in each successive chapter, but the total impact of the attempt to load every rift with ore is, I am afraid, fatiguing, just as in the end one wearies of so much immoralism.

Miss Sandoz has nevertheless wonderfully portrayed the characters and the environment of her story. The incarnation of determined evil—and evil it must be called—Gulla Slogum looms out of the book like a malevolent spirit released from a bottle in the Arabian Nights, until her shadow fills the land. The selfish cunning of insatiable desire has seldom been more sweepingly given in fiction since Balzac; and by keeping the story in Slogum House or its vicinity, the author has increased the cumulative effect. Even the husband, who, throughout the book, mostly endures what he seems powerless to change is, towards the end, discovered to have violated the law—it is true, in defense of his daughter. The brood of Slogum children are necessarily less vivid; and Libby, the one daughter able for a time to resist the corroding influence of her mother, is less satisfactory, apparently for the reason that though the novel begins by being her story, she is later pushed out of the center of the tale.

Yet, graphic as the book is, it is too long. Repetitional insistence upon the lawless cunning of Gulla loses force. Most of the "good" characters are ineffectual, so that there is no real conflict between light and darkness to lighten the gloom. To respond that "good" characters are often ineffectual does not quite solve the problem of artistic monotony which the murders, fornications, gelding, and cruelty of the story inevitably create. This is the chief defect of "Slogum House," which is nevertheless powerfully conceived and executed.

See page 24 for biographical note on Mari Sandoz.

FROM THE JACKET DESIGN OF "SLOGUM HOUSE."

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dents was probably based less on an attempt to interfere with legislation than on a vigorous use of positive executive powers. The author himself supports this view in a different connection when he observes that according to Whig theory eighty years ago, the President "might resort to the veto to protect his office against encroachments or he might refuse his signature to a measure he believes unconstitutional," but that he possessed no right "to pass independent judgment as to the wisdom of a piece of legislation." Are not the Republicans inheritors of this doctrine?

Understanding Nature

THIS IS OUR WORLD. By Paul B. Sears. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN RIORDAN

IN scope and content, this book by the head of the botany department of the University of Oklahoma, a Scientific Book Club selection, runs in the path of Peter Kropotkin's classic "Fields, Factories, and Workshops." Its guiding thesis is environment, as exemplified in natural surroundings and habitats and, quite as importantly, in culture patterns. Science has been lax in supplying syntheses and guides for the world it dominates; Professor Sears is a model of wisdom, scope, and tact for getting on with the job.

For he writes like an angel, with grace and skill in the beauty of words. His text is enhanced by drawings from his own pen, each with a gentle and sometimes impish humor, with a softness of line and delicacy of suggestion that perhaps botany alone can supply.

The book has three sections: the pattern of inanimate nature, of living nature, and of human cultures. The first is of course concerned with climate, soil, and the stream of energy; the second with evolution; and the third with an examination, so far as is possible to one within it, of the pattern of the existing techniculture. The writing is simple, lucid, and illuminating. The book is tonic for the dweller in office or apartment, whose faint perceptions of this unseen and forgotten world are almost entirely distortions.

In politics the moral to be drawn seems to be the preference and necessity for statesmen and leaders in ideas who are without the blinders of reckoning in finance, that is, who want to balance the human budget, and who have the positive stimulation of present or past life within the natural world. Indeed Professor Sears joins Frederick Gowland Hopkins in the wish to change the antithesis of Man vs. Machine to Man vs. Money; he says "It is not too much to say that one of the most potent instruments for adjusting and coordinating the modern culture pattern is credit—a thing as invisible as the electric power whose use it makes possible."

An Appreciation of Life

THE IMPORTANCE OF LIVING. By Lin Yutang. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by CARL CROW

IT is appropriate that a book on the importance of living should be written by a Chinese, for no other people have given so much attention to the problem of living, nor, to my mind, have solved the problem so satisfactorily. In the midst of a struggle for existence they have managed not only to sustain life but to make that life beautiful, interesting, and full of simple happiness. They have learned to make the best of things, to find equal gusto in a bowl of noodles, a pot of hot rice wine, a poem, or a sunrise. They are not content that things shall be useful but also endow them with interest and beauty. A cup of tea does more than quench thirst. The details of its preparation form a simple ceremony, and enjoyment of the tea begins with the time the pot of water is put on to boil.

LIN YUTANG AND HIS FAMILY

Most of them can and do work hard but, when opportunity comes, they enjoy to its fullest the privilege of loafing. A Chinese prefers loafing in company, or he can find complete contentment in idling away the hours watching the ripples of a brook or listening to the sound of the wind in the pines and bamboos.

Chinese have never been taught that they should patiently endure the sorrows of this life with the hope of rewards to come in a future existence. In fact some Chinese philosophers have looked with a certain amused contempt at a system of religion which encourages one to a life of virtue because of the implied promise of future rewards. There may be, as Confucius thought, a life beyond the grave about which little is known, but in the meantime there is no uncertainty about the present life, which should be lived nobly and joyfully because life is noble and joyful. Life offers its own rewards if we only know where to find them, and in this search we can learn much from the Chinese.

As Dr. Lin points out, while China has great philosophers, of much greater importance is the fact that the Chinese, as a whole, take things philosophically. The world is necessarily imperfect and while other people have sought to remedy its imperfections, Chinese have sought out and treasured what would give them the greatest happiness. They do not need a title deed to take possessive pride in a landscape but enjoy a sly humor in the fact that one can enjoy to the full the beauty of a tree which is growing on another's property.

It is perhaps because the Chinese problem of living has been confined to this life that Chinese philosophy is so close to the soil and the body has neither been glorified nor degraded but accepted as one of the facts of life.

This delightful book might well have been called "An Appreciation of Life," for in each one of the more than four hundred pages there are detailed suggestions as to the beauties and joys of simple, homely things. One comes to feel, with Dr. Lin, that the end of life is not the achievement of fame and fortune but the business of living itself—a business which is equally important to the beggar and the rich man and can be equally enjoyable. Life is salty and full of flavor for one who can savor it, and color, comedy, and beauty lie all about us, with little tragedies which are often comic. Many other books suggesting a pattern of life have been written by Chinese philosophers. In the production of books of philosophy China was fairly prolific three thousand years ago, and each century has added to the number of titles. Dr. Lin has performed the inestimable service of distilling the phiphilophy of generations of those Chinese sages and presenting it against a modern Occidental background, which makes it easily readable and understandable. It is, in fact, a charming text book on living which anyone can read with pleasure and profit. It will teach us that in America, as in China, happiness is waiting for those who know which way to turn their eyes.

Carl Crow is the author of "400,000,000 Customers." See page 24 for biographical note on Lin Yutang.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Our Dried Voices

THE editor is slow to disagree with a contributor so learned in her specialty as Mrs. Lutes, but he believes that Hostetter's Bitters had a bourbon rather than a rye base. The point is important for history, and the opinion of antiquarians is solicited. It may even be possible to appeal to fact. Dr. Miles's Indian Snake Root Remedy still works its healing, and perhaps the dark, fluted Hostetter bottle, with its label printed in 5-point, can still be bought by those who suffer from spots before the eyes, backache, dizziness, or sinking spells. Great as Hostetter's was in therapy, however, it was greater still as a preventive, and through a long life the editor's grandfather seldom went to bed without three fingers of it inside him to immunize him against the possible miasmas of the morrow. He, too, was a lifelong teetotaler. He knew how miserable rum makes human life and no misery afflicted him when, the evening jolt of Hostetter's glowing in him, he tipped back in his chair beside the sitting room stove and hummed "The brewer's big horses" or recited:

Not for myself do I come here now;
I could suffer on, alone—
I come for my fatherless children, helpless and starving at home;
Starving because their father for liquor sold his life.
Thank God for the Adair Liquor Law!
the friend of the drunkard's wife.

Children, how many of you know what the Adair Liquor Law was? Just about as many, at a guess, as have worn the Daisy White Bronze Braided Bustle, which Mrs. Lutes mentions, or the Pompadour Porte-Joupe or Dress Elevator, which she doesn't mention. This was a belt from which hung eight cords that ended in loops. The loops went over buttons sewn inside the hems of various skirts, and there was a master-cord which came out over the belt and which could be hauled in by the wearer when she reached a muddy crossing. Modesty is all very well but nobody wants to bring mud into the house on six petticoats at once.

Well, how many of you, on Friday afternoons, have stood up before the seventh grade and recited "The Psalm of Life" or "The Rainy Day"?

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining.
Thy fate is the common fate of all;
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

Poor simple sentimentalists, equally absurd in their easy tears and their silly courage. We have got past all that. Yellow flows as readily as blue used to, and the seventh grade is probably full to the bung with the brave modern spirit, telling one another:

Our dried voices, when
We whisper together
Are quiet and meaningless
As wind in dry grass
Or rats' feet over broken glass
In our dry cellar.

Our ancestors were pretty funny.

Mrs. Lutes could have mentioned a lot more literature. The editor did not grow up on the Southern Peninsula (*si quaeris peninsulam amoenam circumspice*) but he did grow up amidst that poetry. The young Della must have thumbed through annuals and gift books left over from her mother's day, and probably owned such paper-backs of her own day as "One Hundred Choice Selections," which was arranged by one Phineas Garrett, sold for a dime, and began a series of the same name which ran to heaven knows how many numbers. Mr. Mark Sullivan has decided that William McGuffey formed the tastes and shaped the minds of millions of nineteenth century Americans, and the docile spirits who tell us about American literature take Mr. Sullivan on faith. But if you look for the literature that those Americans quoted, deliberately or unconsciously, you will find that the greater part of it was barred from McGuffey. The McGuffey influence on our culture, in fact, is mostly a boom phenomenon of collectors' enthusiasm and the sectional pride of the Middle West. The millions knew much more literature than McGuffey ever taught them. You could learn to love honesty and thrift in the Fifth Reader but you couldn't learn to love much else. The passion for pure art, the noble lust for literature, was best fed by the annuals and the anthologies.

There was a lot of tears and mourning, drunken fiends, tubercular maidens, noble farmers, and dying warriors in that literature, but the important thing is, as Mrs. Lutes says, that it was declaimed.... "At midnight in his guarded tent, The Turk lay dreaming of the hour"—if you don't think that can be resounding, close the windows and try it. By the time you get to "Strike for the green graves of your sires! Strike for your altars and their fires! God and your native land!" someone will be pounding on the floor above you. (A lesser generation may need to be notified that "Strike" has nothing to do with picketing.) A biography of this autumn has shown us one of the most cultivated of Americans, John Jay Chapman, quoting on his deathbed from "Bingen on the Rhine." Such a sanction may set some of the literary to researching in their origins. Let us hope that they do not miss Fontenoy ("Thrice, at the huts of Fontenoy, the English column failed"), or the upper Tennessee ("Move my arm chair, faithful Pompey, In the sunshine bright and strong"), or the name which the Muse of History, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue above Washington's. But perhaps this is jingoism. Well, oppressed, "if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves! If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!"

Lots of class struggle in that literature. And our forebears shed tears over "Give me three grains of corn, Mother, Only three grains of corn." Two generations before a recent genius wept to see a Vermont child eating roast woodchuck (but ask Elliot Paul, cook and gourmet, who knows that woodchucks are garden-fed game) their tears rose to,

I could get no more employment;
The weather was bitter cold,
The young ones cried and shivered—
(Little Johnny's but four years old)—
So what was I to do, sir?
I am guilty, but do not condemn,
I *took*—oh, was it *stealing?*—
The bread to give to them.

They were anti-fascists too. Try Bob Ingersoll's vision at Napoleon's tomb. Bob decided that he would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door and the grapes growing purple in the kisses of the autumn sun, and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder. On Friday afternoon our fathers agreed with him.

We had a serious point to make, before this nostalgia attacked us: that the whole course of American literature before our own time was affected by this declamation. We will come back to that, for we promise you that it is important and has been too little taken into account. At the moment, however, we can't get past the text to the moral. Mrs. Lutes has made us think of the Blue and the Gray, little brown hands ("They drive home the cows from the pasture"), the Leak in the Dike (which is always misquoted), and Belzoni's mummy ("Then say what secret melody was hidden, In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played.")

They were a vain and tawdry folk, our ancestors. They didn't put the Oedipus Complex into their poetry. How does "My son's wife, Elizabeth" go?

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Letters to the Editor: *Mary M. Colum Replies to Howard Mumford Jones*

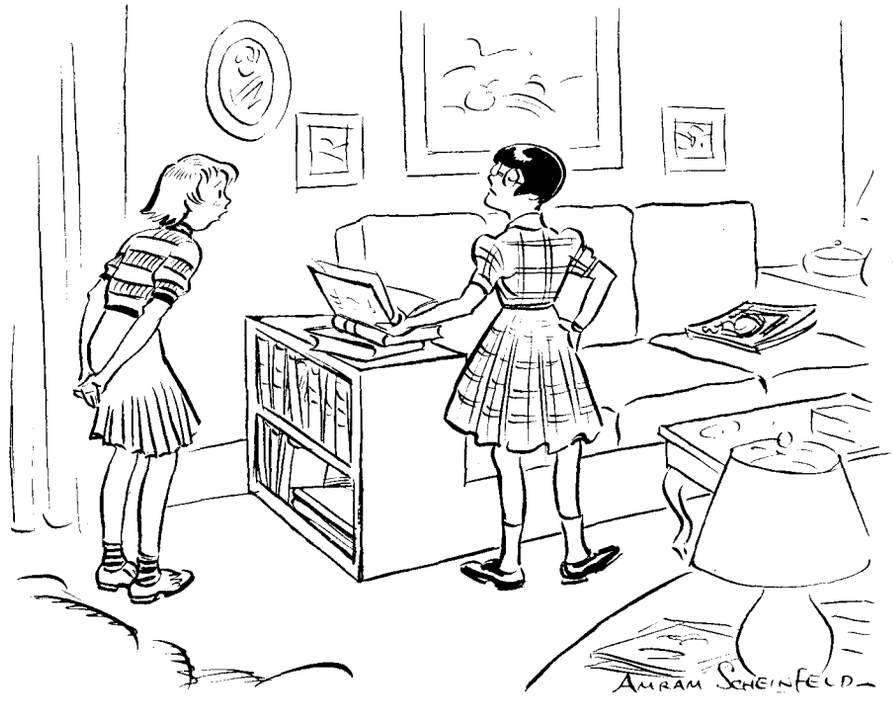
"From These Roots"

SIR:—I have read with astonishment Professor Howard Mumford Jones's review of my book "From These Roots," and as both his praise and his blame give an equally misleading idea as to what the book is about, I feel that in fairness to your readers I must offer some comment. My book is not a classroom textbook or a history of literature, but a book dealing with the sweep of literary ideas and literary philosophies as these were manifested in various literatures and by various writers, and was meant to appeal to the general lover of literature as well as to writers. It begins with Lessing's successful attempt to liberate German literature from professorial pedants and with his insistence on getting everyday life into literature; the development of this idea as well as others related to it traced through various manifestations in various literatures down to our own day. Mr. Jones ignores the subject of the book and deals with a few pages that have to do with his own classroom specialty, so that his final praise is more inept than his blame. As to his blame, it has chiefly to do with dates: the following is a sample. On page 53, he says, there is a paragraph likely "to leave on the inexperienced reader the impression that the 'Ancient Mariner,' which took shape in Bristol in 1797 was the result of Coleridge's visit to Germany in September, 1798." It might, if the reader only read a paragraph. But if he read the whole page, not to speak of the whole chapter, he could get no such impression. I quote Mr. Jones's sentence not so much to contradict it as to expose it, to let the reader see an example of pointless, pettifogging pedantry. O shades of Lessing! And, let me reiterate, Emerson's "American Scholar" was delivered after his return from Europe—not before.

Mr. Jones announces that literary history is full of pitfalls for the unwary. It is, and literature even more so; for literary history is only the background for literature, not a substitute for it, and requires no great talent for its mastery. Mr. Jones's obvious inexperience of literatures outside English makes it difficult for him to keep up the tone of a teacher correcting a schoolboy's theme which is his reviewing manner, so he takes sullen refuge in Dr. Johnson's comparison of a woman preaching with a dog walking on its hind legs. This used to be trotted out in Victorian times whenever a woman's work was considered. Allowing for his evident inexperience in the field of comparative literatures, it is still no less than staggering to find him stating that "by a simple trick" I leave out Fenimore Cooper. Why on earth should I include Fenimore Cooper in a work dealing with the evolution of ideas and philosophies in modern literature, and why should I, as a serious critic in a work on which I have spent years indulge in tricks, simple or otherwise? Any general reader with a love of literature could have written a competent review. From another point of view, a specialist review might have been written by one expert in the various literatures with which I deal. Mr. Jones never gets down to the matter of my book at all, and as a reviewer whose business was to get down to the matter of the book he has been incompetent. He shows himself incapable of visualizing any book on literature except a classroom textbook. Though mine is not a classroom textbook, every date and quotation has been checked and verified many times as is my habit and the habit of my publishing house. Books like "From These Roots" of necessity call for very few raw, unrelated dates. To compare small with great, it is similar in classification, if not in value, to certain books of Lessing's, Taine's, and Sainte-Beuve's. Taine's "Philosophy of Art" has hardly a date, and the same has to be said of a modern book like Van Wyck Brooks's "Flowering of New England." Chronology in such books has not "the surety of simplification" of Mr. Jones's textbook system. I took great pains to convey chronology to adult readers, not by the classroom method, not by a lifeless string of dates, but by indication, illustration, comparison of related incidents in significant periods—in short, by the method proper to a book dealing with the sweep of literary ideas. This meant first assembling all raw dates, not only in literature, but in history, philosophy, and science. As one attempting to write a book of creative criticism and as a critic conscious of historical and literary epochs, I considered it an obligation to present the chronology as memorably as possible to the general lover of literature and I wanted to make for him a live, swiftly moving book. But even in the classroom—for like Mr. Jones I have been a professor—I have always been at war with the textbook system of stuffing students with unrelated dates which mean nothing to them and which they forget as soon as they leave college. My idea is to make connections between periods, influences, and milieus in various literatures. Mr. Jones, naturally, is at liberty to disagree with my opinion of the high literary value of the Declaration of Independence or of any other work I specify, but to fail to distinguish between a high and moving expression and the commonplace to which it is related is an obtuseness. He tells us that the Declaration is compounded out of the political commonplaces of the English eighteenth century. May I be professional for a minute and state that French eighteenth century commonplaces were also in the compound? When Mr. Jones announces that the general direction of my book is right, he shows no sign that he has grasped the general direction, nor does he exhibit any equipment by temperament or by training for deciding whether that direction is right or wrong. His praise is more inept than his blame. When he says "she is not afraid of being serious about literary philosophies when most of her contemporaries are merely dogmatic," I feel bound to ask: why not be serious about literary philosophies in a book on that subject? It is never the ably adverse and honest reviewer who is an author's bane; it is the futilely pedantic.

MARY M. COLUM.

South Norwalk, Conn.



"I HATE TO SAY IT, MARGIE, BUT YOUR PEOPLE READ TRIPE."

From Mr. Jones

SIR:—Abusing the reviewer is always an easy method of disposing of unfavorable criticism. Most informed students of literary history will, I think, upon careful examination of Mrs. Colum's book reach conclusions very similar to mine.

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES.

Cambridge, Mass.

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Fortunes Under Fire

AMERICA'S 60 FAMILIES. By Ferdinand Lundberg. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1937. $3.75.

REVIEWED BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

MR. LUNDBERG has followed up his excellent "Imperial Hearst" with this volume which seems to me the highwater mark of bitter muckraking. It includes all the revelations of recent years in steel, railroading, oil, insurance, banking, shipping, the publishing field, and numerous others, and politics—an incredible mass of scandal and rottenness, constituting an overwhelming indictment of our economic and social systems. There is nothing new in it that I have discovered. Everything has seen the light of day. It is the bringing it all together which is so effective—so deadly. The originality of the treatment lies in Mr. Lundberg's tying the whole mess up to the "60 families" for whom he has worked out a spider web as others have sought to prove that all liberal and reform organizations are controlled by Moscow or the American Communist Party. As a guidebook to American folly and scandal it has a place. How I hope it will not find its way to Hitler and Mussolini! It would be held by them to be proof positive that our democracy is beyond hope.

Unfortunately this is not in the least an objective book. It is written from an especial viewpoint and is a partisan undertaking. The enemy is not Big Business, or the International Bankers, or Wall Street, or the Plutocrats—but the sixty families. Everything they touch is suspect; their every association, even their philanthropy is to be condemned. They will decide the future of America. For example, Mr. Lundberg tells us that "the rich family blocs will stop short of nothing to reduce the 'New Deal' tax-rates and to smash all the projects in which the 'New Deal' gingerly anticipated [!] a future collectivized economy under an industrial democracy." He thinks that President Roosevelt "will accede to the strident demands that a retreat be called in those very sectors" in which the New Deal has led. If, as now appears likely, he will decide to reassure business and to coöperate with it, that will not be due to the urging of his advisers, or to the necessity of preventing a further trade recession, or to Wall Street's pulling the strings, but to the sixty families who are now to be considered as having swallowed all the other enemies of progress and democracy.

Mr. Lundberg feels—and here I agree with him—that there never was more danger of a dictatorship of the Right than with the very wealthy up in arms against the New Deal, for the very wealthy in the remaining democracies are quite willing to sacrifice any and all free institutions rather than to yield their power and their privileges—precisely as happened in Germany. What shall we do to head this off? Well, here are Mr. Lundberg's conclusions:

> The country must seriously address itself to the task of dealing with the historically unprecedented huge fortunes growing like cancers on American society, without having any illusions about the difficulties of the problem. Merely to toy with the fortunes of the wealthy, in which their entire psychologies are bound up from birth to death, is very much like toying with a high-tension electric wire.

Now, with all respect to Mr. Lundberg, he is merely giving a new name and a new face to the old foe. The term Big Business covers the enemy just as well. The problem would remain if all the fortunes of all the wealthy were confiscated by the state tomorrow. As long as the country's natural resources are to be exploited by private individuals; as long as monopolies, or near-monopolies and trusts, are permitted to remain in the hands of the few; as long as our tariff barons are to be allowed to build up huge fortunes through their partnership with the Government and their ability to fix high prices for their products just under the import point; as long as public utilities are to be run not for the communities as a whole, but for private profit, it makes no difference how one designates the ruling groups—they or their successors will continue to rule. As I write there comes the news that the British Conservative Party has decreed the end of private exploitation of the coal-fields of England. There is progress; why must we lag under New Deal or Old Deal?

Now, since I during my journalist days have helped to bring before the American people many of the facts Mr. Lundberg recites, and since I hold the above views, I hope I may be permitted to criticize some phases of Mr. Lundberg's work without being accused of having sold out to the sixty. It is true that I am not quite pure because, while Mr. Lundberg thinks that I did well with *The Nation* and liberalized *The Evening Post*, he cannot forget that my "income is derived from the remnants of a nineteenth century fortune" —I am sure I do not need to tell the readers of this review what a dreadful thing a nineteenth century fortune is and what a blight it casts upon its possessors. Again, I am writing for a weekly that is more than suspect since it is classified in this book as "Thomas W. Lamont's *Saturday Review*," and that means that not only the editors but their contributors are the tools of the sixty families. How far this proscription goes appears from the fact that Secretary Stimson is put on the index because he is "first cousin of two partners of Bonbright & Company, the public utility arm of J. P. Morgan and Company." Talk about blood attainders! As for Dwight W. Morrow, his elevation by Coolidge to national prominence gave "J. P. Morgan and Company virtually unchallenged jurisdiction over the White House for the first time since 1908." I had always thought with many others that Mr. Morrow did some good service in Mexico, but after reading this book I am now aware that his going to Mexico was to obtain "a modification, satisfactory to the American interests, of the Petroleum Law" on behalf of the sixty families and that his altruism was merely a cloak. As for the charitable gifts of the very rich, they are but a blind. One of the worst features of their philanthropic foundations is that they carry on inquiries prompted by the founders; thus the Rockefeller Institute "is prompted in the inquiries it undertakes by Rockefeller, Jr." But that is not the worst:

> It is a matter of cold record that many persons who transfer specific sums to medical work designate fields restricted to diseases with which they or members of their families are or have been afflicted rather than fields in which there is the most pressing public need for help.

Thus, Mrs. Aida de Acosta Root, "wife of Wren [*sic*] Root, traction magnate and nephew of Elihu Root," endowed a fund in honor of Dr. Wilmer the surgeon who saved her eyesight. The result of her intervention was "the creation of the Johns Hopkins Eye Hospital." How much better off the institution would have been had she allowed others to determine its character my readers will recognize. Similarly, J. P. Morgan gave $200,000 to equip and maintain a floor at the Neurological Institute in New York for sleeping sickness patients, his wife having died of the malady. Of course he should have allowed the doctors of that hospital to specify what the gift should be used for. And so *on ad infinitum*. There is nothing that any member of the sixty can do which is not open to the gravest criticism. Starling W. Childs, for example, gave the income of $10,000,000 for cancer research, but Mr. Lundberg points out that he is a public utilities man and that anyhow that only gives about a million dollars a year for cancer research, as a result of all the gifts for cancer purposes for the sixties past and present, and, darn them, Mr. Lundberg is hot under the collar because they haven't given more!

Now the pity of all this is that it weakens not only the book before us, but the whole case for the equalization of wealth in this country and the ending and prevention of swollen fortunes by high taxes and death duties and the abolition of special privilege. Even in dealing with such arch criminals as the inheritors of wealth, Mr. Lundberg ought to have kept some balance and exercised some discrimination. Their good deeds at least might have had recognition, for the devil is still entitled to his due. But Mr. Lund-

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berg can rightly assert that he is in good company. Book after book of the muckraking school proceeds on the *a priori* theory that all who go under the microscopes are ready for complete damnation and without redeeming qualities. Some day, I hope, someone else will rewrite this book as a sober and critical analysis of the phenomena with which it deals. It will not be necessary to go to extremes or to become bathetic, or at times unconsciously humorous, to give a brilliant picture of a condition of society which cannot last, cannot be allowed to last if the Republic is to survive. When I say this I am not thinking merely of the sixty families, but also of the political scandals and corruption which form so great a portion of this volume.

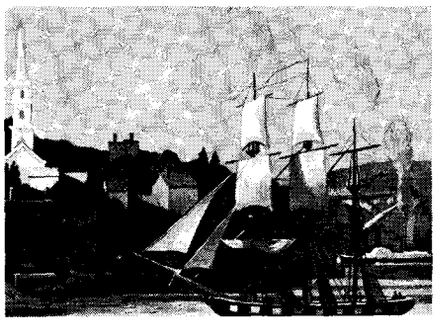
Oswald Garrison Villard, long the owner and editor of The Nation, *and for many years of* The New York Evening Post, *is one of the outstanding liberals of the country.*

America in the Making

AMERICAN MEMORY: The Stirring and Picturesque Past of Americans and the American Nation. Assembled and Edited by Henry Beston. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

IT was the fashion twenty years ago to say that the American novelist was handicapped by the poverty of his material. He had no classes to make a social structure for his fiction, and he had a raw, rude background against which to work. So the professors said. How wrong they were, not only the richness of contemporary American fiction, but also the evidence of such extracts as Mr. Beston gives, will demonstrate. This assemblage of first-hand descriptions, narratives, letters, orations, diaries, and reminiscences, suggests the matter for a thousand novels, psychological as well as historical.



From the jacket of "American Memory."

It is not the first time, of course, that editors have brought together a source book of American experience. Mr. Beston, in "American Memory," has, however, made one of the best selections I have seen, and he has been particularly happy in choosing his excerpts so as to combine both brevity and point. In a list of contents which runs from the sixteenth century to the end of the nineteenth, it is easy to point out omissions. Indeed every reader of Americana would like to make his own selections for such a book. But the balance here is a good one. The editor has not been afraid to reprint the obvious choices:—Audubon's account of the incredible millions of wild pigeons, John Woolman's grief over the sufferings of the misguided Indians, who lived only to fight, and extracts from Alexander Hamilton, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, down to George Santayana on American traits. Yet he has been very fortunate (and sagacious) in his search for fresh eye-witness narratives, current accounts, and just delivered reminiscences and speeches. Commodore Morris's story of the *Constitution* at sea, Bartram's description of an alligator battle, Eli Whitney's letter to his parents about the invention of the cotton gin, Madame Knight's spicy adventures in traveling, and a particularly interesting series where Indians speak for themselves, are instances. This book writes social history as it goes. With it, and with a good one-volume history of the orthodox variety, and another book (as yet unassembled) made up from the interpretation of America in American literature, any reader could make himself a better American. But the interpretations of literature are already accessible, moderately well known, and fairly well represented in this volume. Mr. Beston's other selections would be hard to come by, except in a first-class library, and there they need a taste as discriminating as his to find them among the multitudinous records left by our ancestors.

The Mystery of Marlowe

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE: THE MAN IN HIS TIME. By John Bakeless, New York: William Morrow & Co. 1937. $3.75.

Reviewed by DOUGLAS BUSH

THANKS to the industry and acuteness of a number of scholars in the last fifteen years—thanks also to the Elizabethan gift for running foul of the law—the life of Marlowe has changed from a tissue of glamorous speculation to a fairly full and concrete biographical story. And the truth has proved little less romantic than the fiction. Since 1930, when Professor Brooke collected and sifted the new materials, still more information has been brought to light, and now Mr. Bakeless, with ampler space, has written what will be for some time at least the definitive life.

It is, as befits the subject, a full-blooded book, though not because of indulgence in what Dean Briggs would have called the "falsely robust" fustian so dear to popular writers about the Elizabethan age. To what was already known Mr. Bakeless adds a number of details which, if not of major importance, help to place Marlowe more clearly in his setting. His historical imagination is active, but his pictures of places and life and manners gain rather than lose in vividness from being thoroughly documented. (To notice a trifling exception, life at Cambridge in the 1580's is dubiously illustrated from a lament of 1550 about the distress of poor students.) If Marlowe as a person remains more shadowy than his successive backgrounds, it is not the biographer's fault; a psychological portrait can hardly be based on the small-beer chronicle of the Corpus Buttery Book and only with reservations on legal documents.

The first real hint of anything unclerical in the young man's career is the famous letter to the university authorities from the Privy Council, requesting a degree for one who has been well employed on the queen's service. Then, a "gentleman," though not a bachelor of divinity, Marlowe invades London, to win fame for himself and Alleyn with his "drumming decasyllabons," and to become the friend or associate of sundry notable or notorious persons. To the end Marlowe moved on both the higher and the lower levels of society, and came up from the genteel house of Thomas Walsington to be killed in the Deptford tavern. In spite of all the facts recently uncovered, Marlowe's life and connections are still full of unsolved and perhaps insoluble problems.

While Mr. Bakeless gives a rich and stirring account of Marlowe and his world, he has, happily, not been content with mere biography. There is also, apart from an oddly brief and perfunctory discussion of "Hero and Leander," a full account of the plays and poems, pitched about midway between scholarly and popular requirements. Mr. Bakeless does not seek to alter the traditional view of Marlowe's poetical character, but he feels it freshly and his critical chapters make use of new findings in the sources.

In addition to a few obvious slips, some of the author's extra-Marlovian references might be queried. But such details do not generally matter. Mr. Bakeless's long devotion to Marlowe, his careful learning, critical intelligence, and lively style combine to make a book which is valuable for the scholar and exciting for the general reader.

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Commission Stealing

THE PROFESSIONAL THIEF. By A Professional Thief: Annotated and Interpreted by Edwin H. Sutherland. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. MCGEE

A NUMBER of years ago while employed as Director of Education in a Federal Penitentiary, I requested the Deputy Warden to assign an inmate to my office as a clerk. The Deputy said, "I'll send you one of the smartest mugs in the place, but I warn you he will steal you blind." When the man came up and sat down on the opposite side of my desk, I began some routine questioning. First question: "What is your occupation?" He smiled like a bond salesman and replied in a quiet, cultured voice, "I am a professional thief." I was new in the game in those days and the answer took me by surprise. I said, "Just what, may I ask, is the difference between a common thief and a professional thief"? He settled back in his chair and flashed his engaging smile again, "Well sir, that is a long story, but perhaps I can express it briefly this way. If your plumbing was out of order, whom would you call? A plumber, of course. Now there is a lot of trouble caused in this world because when people want some stealing done, they are damn fools enough to try to do it themselves. I steal for a living and sell my services to other people." "Professional Thief" is the long story my prisoner clerk referred to. I do not say that this man wrote this book. I do say that he could have written it.

Most books written by ex-prisoners are better records of the emotional attitude of the authors than they are of the facts and events. A book written by an intelligent ex-prisoner too often burns with the fire of his resentment. This book is different. The numerous ramifications of the profession of thievery (and it is a profession) are discussed and described in an analytical and factual manner which would do credit to a lawyer describing his profession. If any difference were to be found, it would probably be in the fact that this thief at least has been the more truthful.

From my experience with this relatively small group of professional criminals, I consider this the most authentic social document on the subject that has appeared in print. Every person interested in social problems and municipal government should include this text as part of his required reading. Entirely aside from any professional interest, the book should have an extremely strong appeal to the reader of popular nonfiction, because of its intimate revelation of a way of life unfamiliar to most people and further because of a lucid style flavored with a strong sprinkling of the argot of the underworld.

Part one is the thief's description of his profession. Part two is Dr. Sutherland's interpretation and conclusion. This part of the book is brief and quite academic. It is, however, an excellent statement and tends to lend authenticity to the whole. The book is concluded with a glossary of a large number of underworld "trade terms" used particularly by professional thieves.

The whole work is carefully organized, and is the sort of book which I predict that intelligent readers in all walks of life will want to read.

Richard A. McGee is warden of the Penitentiary of the City of New York.

Renato Toppo

DEEMS TAYLOR AT THE PIANO

Friend of Music

OF MEN AND MUSIC. By Deems Taylor. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

THERE must be a public for books about music. Right now good music means box-office as it seldom has before. Aside from an occasional important book by a specialist —like Sir James Jeans's "Science and Music"—this public is offered a constant succession of popularized histories of music, books on "appreciation," and biographies of composers; books of the symphony, books of the opera; occasionally a good book, but the field is confused by endless duplication of effort, and the good books seldom reach the potential audience. Deems Taylor's "Of Men and Music" should be a conspicuous exception. It is not only a book for concert-goers and radio-listeners; it is so engagingly written, so full of general intelligence, humor, and miscellaneous information that it ought to be enjoyed even by those who can't tell "The Flying Dutchman" from "Pomp and Circumstance."

"Of Men and Music" consists of what Mr. Taylor prefers not to call essays, but "observations." As he explains it,

> If this book tries to say a few definite things, they are these: that behind every musician lurks a man, who is fully as interesting as the trade he follows; that music is written for our enjoyment, and only incidentally for our edification; and that many a potential music lover is frightened away by the solemnity of music's devotees.

Mr. Taylor does not "humanize" composers, or talk down to his readers; it merely comes natural to him to see both composers and readers as human beings. His flair for personalities results in a brilliant tour de force on Wagner; and in some penetrating observations on composers as diverse as Beethoven and John Philip Sousa, Dvorak and Delius, Rimsky-Korsakov and Alban Berg. His insistence on the entertainment value of good music leads him to some very interesting remarks on various topics: what gets between the average listener and modern music? why is so much modern music tried out once and never played again? why are there so few distinguished young composers? why can't we have opera in English? There is an excellent chapter on those well-meaning people who dance to abstract music; there is some sound advice on what to do when you have a young musical genius in the family; there is a very amusing piece about the fan mail the author received as a radio commentator.

And there is a great deal more, too much to summarize. On almost every page there is something that demands to be quoted or read aloud. Mr. Taylor keeps his scholarship in the background, and his approach is that of personal journalism at its best. This will annoy the pedants and the musical snobs; but it certainly ought to please the amateur Wagnerians, the audiences that pack the Friends of Music concerts, and the radio listeners. We hope it finds its public.

(See page 24 for biographical note on Deems Taylor.)

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

The Trojan Horse

XXII. The Doom Takes Charge

HE is on the wall, watching.

I think I see her, he exclaims for the twentieth time.—Is that her?

Uncle Pan has joined his vigil occasionally, but is too nervous to stay long. He finds it difficult to talk.

She said she'd come, and she will, Troilus insists. Of course she couldn't get across this morning; there was fighting in the way. But this afternoon things have been pretty quiet.

Isn't that Horse nearer than it was, Pandarus asks? I've always laughed at the thing, but great Pluto, I don't like it sticking its head right over the wall.

Troilus is so busy visualizing a beloved figure in tweed and jersey, he scarcely pays attention.

You know (Pandarus says) Cressida had a queer dream about that Horse one time . . . . did she tell you?

No. What? The Horse? If she doesn't get back by dark I'll take a squad and chop the damn thing up. Make a bonfire of it to light her home. Say, why didn't I think of that before? Of course she won't come by daylight, she wouldn't want a lot of publicity and people staring at her. You know how she hates crowds.

Most likely her father would keep her until after dinner anyway, he adds presently. They probably have better grub than we do.

And later still he says: I wonder if I counted the days wrong? Did she say *after* Ten Days, or on the Tenth Day?

There drifts a waft of sour burning from the Greek rubbish pits. And in the smoky haze beyond the river, shouts and the jangle of cavalry gear.

Here comes Hector and his troop, he says eagerly. They'll tell us if they've seen anything. Look! Zeusalmighty, they're laughing, they're cheering, waving to us!

He runs along the rampart, stumbles down the steps in a rush, to meet Hector.

Hullo, kid; you should have been with us, Hector says. He grins down from horseback, flushed and sweaty. They're licked. They're getting aboard the ships, they're quitting. What do you think of that?

Such shouts of triumph from the gathering crowd, Troilus can't ask his question. Hector waves a battered helmet for silence.

Too bad you missed it, old man, he says kindly. I nearly trimmed your friend Diomedes. He was too slick, he got away, but I sliced off a piece of his armor. He seemed sort of dopy, I guess he must have been on a party last night. How's this for a souvenir?

From his belt he detaches a curved bronze and leather breastplate, dulled and hammered by long service. Troilus takes it in his hands. He sees, what Hector had not even noticed: to the collar is fastened his own blue pin.

Stick it up in the messroom, says Hector easily; it'll look good in the showcase. I'll go on and clean up.

Hoofs on cobbles, the troop push off, the crowd follow with cheers. Even the sentries are off for a drink; this is no moment for discipline. Troilus and Uncle Pan are left; the boy still dumbly holding the broken relic. He knows now.

He turns the metal shard, examining it with professional attention. Good workmanship, he says. That's a grand piece of bronze. Rippled to turn off a spear-point. I guess it's turned off too many.

He breaks into queer laughter. Uncle Pan is frightened by something dead in the voice, and looks closer, curiously. Troilus tries to hide the badge, but Pan has seen. They look at each other.

Shall we put it in the showcase, Troilus says; still with that stranger's laugh. And then, gravely, disdainfully: Too rich an armor for his mongrel heart. He tosses the breastplate into a stone corner, where it falls with a clang.

Uncle Pan, his usual wisdom broken by pity, damns Cressida foully with an oath. But Troilus, who seems in that moment the older man, silences him with a touch:—

I can't unlove her now.

Just inside the gateway is an old bench. He sits there quietly; where he has so often paused, exhausted and happy, coming in from the field. Uncle Pan, though helpless to comfort, will not leave him. From the distance, the rising murmur and stir of a town in jubilee. Through a loudspeaker in the shadows of the gate the Radio Voice booms out:—

. . . . Just about the biggest night little old Troy town ever had. Everyone in the studio is so excited I can hardly speak.

Folks, we suspected the end was near when the Greeks asked for a truce a fortnight back and made that exchange of prisoners. But today they just walked out and left us without any good old war on our hands. By sunset some of their ships were already beyond Tenedos. Colonel Hector and his troop were out scouting and drove back enemy outposts trying to cover the retreat. The Greeks showed every sign of demoralization, some of them even threw down their weapons and ran. Our boys came back with a whole truckload of arms and armor as trophies. I guess you can hear the reception our men are getting. We're taking a mike up on the *Trojan* tower, they've got the big searchlight up there, we can see everything. Remember, full details in your favorite paper, first in peace as well as war, and in News, Editorials, Features, Advertisements. . . .

Troilus rises, looks carefully over his equipment.

She may still be there, he says.

Troilus, don't be mad, says Uncle Pan in horror.

Has everyone forgotten her except me?

They've taken her in the ships.

Maybe they have. They haven't taken Diomedes.

Uncle Pan tries weakly to hold him. Troilus pushes him aside.

I said I'd make a bonfire to light her home.

But what are you going to do?

Get the squadron. They'll go with me.

XXIII. The Brute Is Past Control

It is still the gateway, in the gloom; and these two, Pandarus and Cassandra —the kind and silly flesh, the hard purity of reason—watchful in the sentry niches at each wing. And through the arch of shadow we look out into clear night.

The gate's open, says Uncle Pan, incredulous.

I opened it myself, she answers. It saves trouble.

Her voice has a new authority; even a new eagerness. The long disbelief will soon be ended.

Outside there grows a queer deep humming fluttering sound, rumbled compressions chanting of escape; menacing but almost soothing too.

The damned Horse is purring, Pan suggests.

Try to believe (Cassandra says) this is not agony,

But work of art accomplished.

Power, the useful brute, is past control.

This sounds like terrible nonsense to Uncle Pan, but he is aware, vaguely, that articulate sound is only an outer skin of meaning.—From the darkness of the bay, off Sigeum, a rocket streams in golden pencil-curve. Slowly it floats and sinks.

A shooting star, he cries.

A signal, she says; and on her word the horrid siren. Distant at first, it rises to a whinnying shriek. It might be thought the neighing of an incredible Horse: a trumpeting screaming mockery of cruelty and pride. It shreds the innocent dark like a howling shell, a falling bomb. It bursts in rolling thunders of convoluted shock.

And the night is in motion. Now there is no softness of sweet shrubs and

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beachy smells but a putrid gas of burning and masked figures that have crept through the fields rise like the troops of horror that Troilus foresaw. Pandarus reels and recoils in his corner; Cassandra proud and pale, unmoved.

Just a minute folks, bawls the Radio Voice (a little cracked with disbelief) everything okay, we're up here on the tower where we can see everything, some of the boys are a bit wild tonight, I'll just plant the searchlight right on the Gate so we can see what's going on.

A shaft of chalky dazzle seems to rend the gateway: or has it been torn apart by some fantastic explosion? For what we see over the dissolving wall is the pale Horse, terrific. The whole archway is now just the loom of its forelegs under the arched and barrelled chest. It has grown like a dream in the darkness of a lonely mind, like unearthly fungus against the rotting wall; as beautiful and dire. It towers enormous; down into the city (our own Troy) it glares in gloried lust, the grinning jowl, the grated teeth, the flattened ears, and the round blank balls of eyes are makebelieve no longer but clear and burning and shoot radials of light. The mouth is a machine gun and the tubed and rifled nostrils are pipes of searing flame.

A long stricken hush, then the city behind us (Troy, our own) breaks to panic frenzy, police siren and bugle cry, fire whistle and motor horn, the tankle-tonk of the junkman's cowbells, the shatter of million panes of glass.

Just a minute folks, yells the Radio Voice, something's gone wrong, hold everything. It looks like a seven-alarm fire, they must have had flame throwers or chemical bombs in that Horse, it's just another dirty foreign trick but are we downhearted, the boys'll soon have this under control. The riot squad has been called out, O boy O boy what a bedtime story. The Hotel Ucalegon is burning right next door, it looks like it might spread to Priam's Palace but the Junior League girls are out with their buckets, folks there's absolutely no cause for panic, they've just told me to advise everybody to keep off the streets. Folks I'll have to sign off for a few minutes while we check up. . . .

But there is no time now to explain how sorry we are, we didn't know this sort of thing was going to happen; and we scarcely heed Ilium's last words, for Troilus and the others he has gathered rush into the opening for the last attempt.

Greeks are in the archway, and among the foremost, Diomedes. Beautiful with glitter, accidents of light are on their bronze. The destiny is upon them, now The Wisdom is theirs for the instant, they are the dreaded meaning, all the angry atoms of the world. They are color and measure and form, they are themselves the gods they invented. Nothing can hold them now. Troy had her chance. The engined Horse roars with science, it shines and spouts living fire.

The Trojans, though knowing it not, are happy to be so hopeless. Troilus is outlined in blaze. O ecstasy, for here is Diomedes. They know, and all men know, these are each other's. Troilus drives for the unplated breast, where the armor had been. Diomedes guards, and cleverly, but gets the blade through the throat: that throat of so confident words, the throat where the blue badge was worn. He tries to speak, and chokes, and falls.

It is not long. The Horse opens and vents its men. Achilles, Ulysses, Ajax, the ingenious Agamemnon, all are upon him. He is down. No lesser than Achilles deals the blessed stroke.

They pour through, to seek the citadel. Cassandra and Uncle Pan, in the wavering shadow and flame-light of the broken wall, raise him with cruel kindness.

Anyhow, we lit the bonfire, he whispers.

But the tall fury of burning Troy is too savage. It floods the gateway as did an eastern sun one morning. I'm sorry (he tries to cover his face), it's too bright for my eyes.

XXIV. Epilogue—Eternity Marches On

The Elysian Fields need not be described. Everyone knows what they look like: in one landscape all our glimpses of most perfect pleasure: when the sun dallied longest in the afternoon sky; when thought (the enemy of life) was abolished. In that unchanging beauty which is memory—and which first was beauty only because it always changed—the spirits we love have their own chosen form and purpose. There you may be old or young (or even middle-aged) as you prefer.

It looks just now rather like a college playing field; and that little stream, grown so small and clear in shady windings, is really Ocean River. A new arrival is being shown round. This is done not because it's so different but because it's just the same; which is always hardest to realize.

She sees a group of white athletic figures practising the javelin and discus and the manual of arms. They are the Trojan and Greek officers, exercising together; in endless laughter, angers forgotten. One makes a beautiful spear-cast. High and long and level it flies, and there's brotherly applause. Another comes forward, and throws almost as far. There is very nearly the same approval. The group breaks and they separate into friendly discussion.

But a small ghost, darker than the others, isn't satisfied.

Like I said, he grumbles. Marse Trolius aint usin' de ole trapezius. He kin match Marse Achilles ef he really shove.

Priam agrees: The boys are a little soft.

Don' know how 'tis, King Basilisk, don' seem to be quite de same incense.

Incentive, Priam corrects him.

Yassuh, incentive. Dat's de big needful.

Shining and beautiful, a young shape comes forward, trailing his spear.

Marse Trolius, says Fuscus, you go to put mo' heft in it. You throw a mite fu'ther than Marse Diomedes but you aint really pushin'. Ef you don' feel competition, think some up.

Good old Fuscus, says Troilus. Easily he bends his weapon into a hoop and rolls it at his rival across the blue and golden sward. Both laugh.

Let's have a swim, Diomedes calls. Race you to the river!

They haven't noticed the newcomer, who is watching curiously. Perhaps pure and endless afternoon and infinite content dull the faculties: she seems puzzled.

Who were those boys, she asks the guide. There was something familiar about them?

(THE END)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
FILE ON FENTON AND FARR *Q. Patrick* (Morrow: $2.25.)	"Crimefile Number 3" tells, with appropriate gadgets, of triple slaying in New Jersey private school, solved by humble local detectives.	Possibly best, and certainly breeziest, of C. F.'s to date. Method, this time, doesn't hinder story—and ladies will *love* free lipstick!	Diverting
WHEN THIEVES FALL OUT *Sir Basil Thomson* (Crime Club: $2.)	Girl's murder in England linked with gang of crooks in France and solved by Insp. Dallas and Chief Richardson.	Alert reader will promptly spot killer but transparent plot is enlivened by fantastic activities of Gallic gang.	Pedestrian
A HANGING MATTER *Mary Hastings Bradley* (Appleton-Century: $2.)	Englishman who badly wanted killing is obliged, and several pleasant people get terribly tangled trying to shield one another.	Entertaining muddle of cross-purposes, gallant gents, and lovely ladies, with solution that stretches credulity pretty thin.	Innocuous

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We Had a Book

(*Continued from page 4*)

sentiment were published—at least some of them—in cheap editions and one or more were to be found in most homes. The rummage sales and zeal for cleaning out attics has done away with most of them, but I did not find it too difficult to run down a fairly representative number.

The pleasant custom of either beginning or ending a chapter with verse, with one or two interpolations throughout, was not unappreciated nor without effect in stimulating fancy. We read with a poignant (if utterly unexperienced) state of pain,

> Of all sad words of tongue or pen
> The saddest are these—it might have been.

Of course at this time not much of anything "might have been," but it made us feel nice and gloomy. We loved gloom. Foreboding gloom—since we had none in retrospect.

Jean Ingelow—after Lord Tennyson and Mr. Longfellow—was a prime favorite.

> And yet I know past all doubting, truly—
> A knowledge greater than grief can dim—
> I know as he loved, he will love me duly,
> Yea, better, e'en better than I loved him.
> And as I walk by the vast, calm river,
> The awful river so dread to see,
> I say "Thy breadth and thy depth forever
> Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me."

"He" and "him" was as yet, a shadowy figure—composite St. Elmo, Mr. Rochester, and that handsomely ugly or ugly handsome boy that sat three aisles over and never paid the slightest attention to us.

We loved our padded and embossed copies of Lord Tennyson—

> God pity them both! And pity us all
> Who vainly the dreams of youth recall—

Especially while we were still dreaming the dreams of youth. And such books—a little faded and cracked as to cover, sometimes considerably tattered from much perusal, pencil-marked and dog-eared, are still treasured by their owners. And say what you like, I think they did more for us than the present-day poets are doing for the generations who read them. A sentimental influence, doubtless, an emotional stirring, but nevertheless a sweetening influence that certainly did not hurt us and perhaps one that helped us appreciate life, and gave us a deeper sympathy for our fellow mortals than much of the more modern verse.

With Lord Byron we were unacquainted except that in my own home, a handsomely bound copy (bright blue, lettered in gold with gold leaf so thick on the edges that the leaves were stuck firmly together) bearing that aristocratic name had lain on the center table ever since I could remember. It had been the gift of a visiting cousin who had doubtless succumbed to its outer charm.

After awhile it disappeared, along with "The Deserted Wife" and "The Jealous Husband," into which volumes my mother had found me surreptitiously dipping. All three were later on discovered at the bottom of an old trunk in the attic, and then, since it had seemed worthy of exile, I made valiant effort to wrest some reason from its pages, but without success.

Some more worldly one must have told my mother that it was an unfit book to grace a Christian table, for I doubt very much if she ever personally made the acquaintance of either Don Juan or Childe Harold, or would have understood them if she had. She liked to read, and lovingly thumbed a few volumes of Dickens and Thackeray which came into her possession but she must have banned Lord Byron on hearsay—after the manner of later censors.

On my Aunt Hanner's parlor table, along with the family album and Baxter's "Saints Rest," lay "Lucile," padded, gilded, and embossed. I doubt if she ever read either. At Dr. Babcock's we became acquainted with "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and another book by the same author, "We and Our Neighbors," and a life of Ulysses S. Grant, and others.

The Reverend Mr. Draper, pastor of the Union Church, was a master hand at books and in his home we found Scott, Dickens, Tennyson, Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" (which my father borrowed and greedily absorbed), and many more.

And of course there was Dr. Chase's Receipt Book. This was a book published by the author in Ann Arbor, Michigan, in 1863 and of such importance (and selling value) was it that a special building was erected "expressly to enable him to introduce greater facilities to get out his 'Receipts' sufficiently fast to satisfy the increasing demand for the Work."

A general "Doctor Book" was considered as essential to the proper functioning of a home in these pre-hospital, country doctor days as the Bible—and far oftener used. Dr. Chase's versatile encyclopedia of household needs was the answer to a book agent's prayer. Hundreds of Ann Arbor students put themselves through college by selling it.

I think most of the reading done by the majority of people was in periodicals. Everybody took the *Jackson Citizen* (all the Republicans, that is, which meant all men of an upstanding nature) and a good many subscribed to the *Detroit Free Press.*

Poor Elviry, Asy Brown's (who kept the Dry Goods Store) wife, took the *Saturday Night,* the *Fireside Companion,* and *Peterson's Magazine.* Mis' Dr. Babcock took *Godey's Lady's Book* and others took *Harper's Weekly* and *Frank Leslie's.*

In *Peterson's* for November, 1887, the editor makes a pronouncement which places him, in standards and principles, no whit below the best of his peers of today:

> Every magazine of real merit [he says] has a character all its own. Thus this magazine while being the best guide of fashion is more than a fashion book. It is intended for families of refinement and designed to unite everything that a lady of taste desires. We pride ourselves that it has a distinct character of its own. Even when others try to imitate it, they do so at long distance, like trying to pass off cotton velvet for silk velvet. For ourselves we imitate no one, but go our way trying simply to give the best thing of its kind for the price.

One wonders how they could give so much for the price (two dollars a year) considering the small amount of—and probable low price for—advertising. There were choice illustrations—steel engravings, woodcuts, and double pages of colored fashion pictures made on steel and colored by hand.

The advertising was topical—now amusing. "The Daisy White Bronze Braided Bustle—Beats All." And, as my father would have said, By Cracky, it did! Never was anything seen to compare with it, unless it were a rat trap of intricate design. A Moustache Spoon (patented 1885) offered "neatness and comfort for moustache wearers. Can be adjusted to any spoon. Neatest novelty of the age. Try one and you'll never be without it. 25c." The device was apparently fastened to the side of the spoon, thus lifting the moustache out of harm's way.

The Youth's Companion was veritably that, and in every home of any consequence. And it was read by old and young, greatly to their benefit. Amongst its frequent contributors were W. D. Howells, J. T. Trowbridge, Louisa M. Alcott, Francis Parkman, Julia Ward Howe, Edward Everett Hale, James T. Field, Louise Moulton—and many others whose names are yet honored. And the Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone once, at least, lent the honor of his name to its pages.

Yes, we had a book—quite a number of books in fact, and while our academic education in English literature was greatly lacking, I find that the acquaintance of my contemporaries with names that are woven into the history of our country compares fairly well with that of later generations. We did not have reading clubs, or literary societies (although the Chautauqua Reading Course was followed by many), and we did not do much in the way of book discussion. But we bought a few books, borrowed more, and what we read we read thoroughly, digested, considered, weighed, and remembered.

Della Lutes is the author of several books, including "The Country Kitchen," and "Home Grown," published a few weeks ago.

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To Readers of *The Saturday Review*

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY'S first novel in five years, *The Trojan Horse,* has just been published complete in book form. Those of you who have read excerpts from it in this magazine during the past weeks realized, of course, that considerable abbreviation was necessary for magazine serialization. That *The Trojan Horse* contains some of Morley's finest and most unexpected writing is immediately evident.

To give some suggestions as to why *The Trojan Horse* was so written, and the thought behind it, we have asked permission to reprint here portions of a private letter from the author to a friend on the publisher's staff.

Knothole, September 17, 1937.

To F. P. FRAZIER, ESQ.

I had a notion that you might be a bit puzzled about *The Trojan Horse.* Perhaps if I talk to you a little about it something may emerge that can be useful. I will try to conceal from you the large exultation of having finished it. And also the deep and troubling hole that it leaves in my inward concerns, to be quit of something I have dreamed about so long.

Now this thing as it stands, whatever its faults or whatever its merits, really dates from the incredible oddity that in the autumn of 1930 I was given an interim job of instructing some students at Haverford College in the rudiments of Chaucer. I chose for our text *Troilus and Criseyde,* which is (everyone knows, I dare say) Chaucer's top-rank masterpiece but not so often read by undergraduates. It is not unwarrantably thought to be a bit mature for that era. In case anyone ever questions the standing of Chaucer's glorious poem (and people who don't know what they are talking about will question anything) I like to fall back on, say, Professor Kittredge, who has called it "not merely the most beautiful long narrative poem in the English language: it is the first modern novel that ever was written in the world, and one of the best."

But anyhow, in my commuting between Long Island and Haverford that autumn and winter, it came upon me that one of the things that absolutely had to be attempted was to put the theme of Troilus and Cressida, one of the most affecting and honest and savage love stories ever told, into a modern wave-length. And I still remember, one late afternoon, coming back from Philly to N. Y., an extraordinarily beautiful ¾-moon floating in the sky somewhere over New Brunswick or Trenton. That, I said to myself, is exactly the way the moon looked to Troilus as he leaned musing over the battlements of Troy. I took that moon right down from where it hung and stuck it in my vest-pocket; and there it remained for nearly seven years until I needed it in chapter 6 (if that's the number, I mean the chapter called *On the Ramp*).

I made at that time a careful synopsis of Chaucer's poem, tracing with considerable care the way he threaded this story dramatically through large (too large) interspersions of philosophic and romantic meditation. And I noticed too how vividly he transformed his legendary material to the immediate local color and speech of his own time and place. Then I pushed all this back into the subconscious area and let it lay. And as far as the Chaucerian text is concerned, I haven't read it since, except to refresh my mind occasionally with brief miraculous lines or passages.

About a year went by, and in a fit of enthusiasm I made out a synopsis of my own imagined version, clearly scheduling what were I thought the dramatic points of the story.

Another year elapsed, and in October 1932 (I know this because I noted the date in a composition book) I actually wrote a few pages to clarify my mind. But the theme had begun to take on such ramifying implications into our contemporary griefs that I was appalled. How to keep it simple and clear, be true to the dignity of this tragic and epic material, and yet also make it of today's actual and living beauty and bitterness? Somewhere in this period of doubt Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* was superbly revived by the Players' Club, and with all my pleasure in that extraordinary play I also saw plainly, or thought I saw, how Shakespeare had hardened and toughened and cynicized it; he had lost all Chaucer's adorable crystalline naivété and candor; he had drilled it full of sophisticated glitter. And our gorgeous Pandarus he turned into a rather nasty fellow. Perhaps here I'm not fair; I forget quickly; I haven't read Shakespeare's play either since about 1930. Anyhow I decided, for my own purposes, that Shakespeare had fallen down. All the authorities say also that Dryden made a botch of the theme. So certainly I concluded the field was still clear for me.

About 1933 I again wrote a few pages, and from time to time I would be overwhelmed with guilt or self-disgust at the thought of this glorious theme lying pallid at the bottom of the mind. But other work, which seemed urgent, kept coming along. I think it was really a line from Spinoza, observed in the material collected by Miss Louella Everett for the new edition of *Bartlett's Quotations,* that did as much as anything to set me going again. It's worth repeating: I copied it out on a card and put it above my worktable here in the Knothole:—

"So long as a man imagines that he cannot do this or that, so long is he determined not to do it."

The first thing that will startle the reader will be the affront of modern argot (and of the most casual current sort) in the mouths of these traditional characters. More disturbing still, I dare say, the continual switchback of mood: from unashamed buffoonery or ribaldry to passages where grave tragic beauty, foreboding, is (even if not attained) most earnestly pursued. This puts a brutal strain on the reader, who forgets that that is exactly the way things happen in his own mind; in everybody's mind. To fortify myself to this deliberate affront upon the reader I had much private conference with Chaucer himself, and with "a wind of clear weather" (Alice Meynell's phrase) that was blowing overhead one June day. Chaucer, I knew, would approve; that was the way he worked. He was "never afraid of humanity's two great interlocking privileges, the beautiful and the absurd." I put it this way to Chaucer when we were talking:—

Let us not forget the comic:
With us, laughter is atomic.

He agreed; reminded me how he rarely scrupled even in passages of his most searching humankindness, of his tightest nerve-strain, to relax either upon the still small chuckle or the midriff-laugh. And this was why I dedicated the thing to him, with the enigmatic epigraph "Come back and all will be forgiven." For if he did, indeed it would: if we had a new Chaucer all the false horsewind and the exhausted syphon-squawk of genera-

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tions of writing either gloomy or glucose would whiff away. It would be forgotten as if it had never been.

Let us not suppose, old Baron Cuttysark, that Chaucer was any demigod, privileged above the conditions of his time. It would be amusing to trace through his *T and C* to show the places where he is reluctantly conforming to the pressures (social or economic) of his age; and raging at them; but still conforming; and apologizing for it; and humorously cocking his eye at all-forgiving future. But anyhow he and I have already forgiven each other, so that's all that needs to be said.

The bastard form of the narrative requires some comment. It is put throughout in the present tense, to imply its immediacy. It is not anything "recollected in tranquillity", O no indeed. It is happening while you read it, and it is happening to the reader. And I have most positively tried to omit all merely fatty or connective tissues; all irrelevant describings and furnishings; leaving it to the collaborative reader to create it in his own image; fancying the settings and costumings both ancient and modern as he may please. Only so, I think, can we suggest that the most modern joys and puzzles and emotions are also ancient, also perennial. He will identify himself with Troy, probably, because that symbolizes the brilliantly achieving civilization we know, under the savage threat of forces of which we know little. But I daresay there will be Greek sympathizers too. Pandarus, you will have observed, has to some extent safeguarded himself by keeping in touch with both sides. Cassandra is fatalistic; she would avert the Fall if she could, but The Wisdom has evidently whispered to her that it is all for the necessitated best in the long view. And if one needs to find symbolic value in our young Troilus, I suppose he represents the favorite and familiar figure of the idealist struck down by the world as it is; Romeo and Hamlet in one. Does he grow and develop and move on to new positions? I think he does; more so than in Chaucer. Confronted by the all-accepting indifferentism of Uncle Pan, the beauty and loss of Cressida, he travels a long way. At the beginning we see the war burlesqued on the level of college football games, and they are all taking it on that level. But toward the end we begin to see that the siege is a mighty serious thing; and even poor Troilus is aware of the horror of the gas masks and the "insect troops." Human absurdities (our own included) are not likely to be mended; they require both laughter and scourging; but I think it is best for the laughter to come first. At any rate such is the process adopted here. After a brief prologue of warning we begin on a frankly low plane. I don't mean low in any ethical notion; I mean at a low voltage of intellectual frequency. In fact we begin with the boys stark naked, and in college-boy mood. Naked to suggest the essential and unchangeable humanity: "Naked bodies have no date, nor naked minds either." And then we flash at once into electric newspaper bulletins and radio and telephone and whiskey to unsettle the reader's mind and defrost the rigid icebox of convention. And in the same way we pass from dialogue of hodiernal chaff into soliloquies of Elizabethan temper, into blank verse that perhaps requires (or hopes for) more than merely casual reading.

I've remarked before that the highest principle of composition is winning the reader to write as much as possible of the book for you; giving him the delight of co-creation. You mustn't put down too much; you must leave blank space for him to fill in; which he does with subconscious ecstasy. So I have tried (somewhat to Chaucer's astonishment) to concentrate into the essential capsules of drama: sentiment, suspense, and surprise. I have long felt an indignation against the tyranny of the quotation mark (which the practical French long ago abandoned). It is a waste of time and attention. Usually it is plainly evident who is speaking and where the speech ends or resumes. If, in any places it is momentarily uncertain, that brief pause of attention is useful to keep the reader alert and considerate. To avoid the abominable nuisance of he saids and she saids and quoth hes and responded shes I have often indicated the speaking person in the usual convention of dramatic script. This is unnecessary to mention except as another evidence of a persistent attempt to shill off waste matter, conventional excrescence, anything to slow down or embarrass the reader's essential progress. Good old Chaucer, whose purpose was presumably to fill as many long dark damp English winter evenings as possible for his audience (remember that most of his customers got his poem orally, they didn't read it, they listened to it; just like a Radio Voice) spun the tale out to difficult length. That is impossible now, for many reasons. It grieves me to think how rapidly the book can be read.

Chaucer was grievously disturbed over the infidelity of Cressida; he would scarcely have gone so far as the irony of our own epilogue. He apologizes abjectly to his female contingent for his heroine's "sliding heart," and keeps insisting that he still forgives her "for pity." The present attitude is rather different. The lady was in a tough spot; the emphasis on the practical phases of the situation is I think a new contribution to the legend; and also Cressida's ingenious self-justification that if she yields to the Greek roughneck she may be able to learn something about the Horse, and so warn her friends in Troy. And the Horse itself? Ha, maybe you'll have fun in identifying what that discomforting quadruped means. Do you see its horrid blank face leering over the walls of our own little fortified civilization? Is it War, or is it the Machine, or is it Science, or Fascism, or Communism, or Power in general? At any rate, as Cassandra truly says, the useful brute is past control.

It would be amusing, wouldn't it, if our reviewers, after a rapid scrutiny, concluded that this was all just a comic burlesque.

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THE HOME BOOK OF SHAKESPEARE QUOTATIONS. Arranged and Edited by Burton Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1937. $12.50.

THE HOME BOOK OF QUOTATIONS CLASSICAL AND MODERN. Selected and Arranged by Burton Stevenson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1937. $12.50.

Reviewed by ISAAC GOLDBERG

MR. STEVENSON'S book of Shakespeare quotations is better described by its sub-title: "Being also a Concordance & a Glossary of the Unique Words & Phrases in the Plays & Poems." Not all the entries are, or are presented as, quotations in the ordinary acceptance of that word. The book dealing solely with Shakespeare is almost two thirds as large as that dealing with quotations classical and modern; by this same token, the quotations from Shakespeare in the general volume are not nearly so many as those in the special, and have been selected in the second instance with true quotability in mind.

This is quite as it should be. Smaller volumes than the Shakespeare tome have included the complete works; it may well be that in the latest example of Mr. Stevenson's diligence we have virtually those complete works, duly anatomized, ticketed, and distributed for the convenience of the student and the general reader alike. For his purpose, the editor has used the revised Globe edition of 1911, following the chronology given by Mr. E. K. Chambers in his "William Shakespeare." "The Two Noble Kinsmen," "with which Shakespeare's connection is extremely nebulous," is not represented in the selections.

It is difficult to believe that the playwright made but a single use, in all his writings, of such familiar words as "fidelity," "gallantry," "decent," "dreary," "friendless," "improbable." Only once, Mr. Stevenson points out, does any character in Shakespeare say "above compare," "all at once," "cheek by jole," "good riddance," "against the grain," or "ill at ease." In the text, the editor indicates all examples of unique words and phrases and, in addition, of familiar expressions that occur but two or three times. Other innovations add to the usefulness of the stout compendium.

In cases where a number of quotations are to be had under a single heading, the quotations are grouped in the chronological order of the plays. Between the Table of Contents and the Index and Concordance, it would be difficult for a seeker not to find the exact lines that he is looking for.

"The Home Book of Quotations," good as it was in its first form, appears in its third edition larger and better than before; nearly a thousand new quotations have been added and the Concordance has been almost doubled. As a result of criticism and suggestions from readers in this country and abroad, omissions have been repaired "and three or four hoaxes have been uncovered." In appearance and planning the volume resembles that on Shakespeare as a fleshier twin resembles his lighter brother.

Stage History

ENCORE. By Daniel Frohman. New York: Lee Furman, Inc. 1937. $3.50.

OF course Daniel Frohman has been a great character in the American theatre, and he has already written his reminiscences in "Daniel Frohman Presents." Now he discusses the early American theatre, writes of the first actor on the American stage, Anthony Aston; of Edwin Forrest, Dion Bouicault, Edwin Booth, Pinero, and so on. He indulges in scissors and paste and anecdotes, and even harks back to Goldsmith, Garrick, Siddons, Kean, Betterton, Macklin, *et al.* Few producers have, today, any such knowledge of stage history. But though Mr. Frohman's book is urbane and informed, it is also a thing of scraps and patches, conveying no new information of particular value. However, the acting profession will probably enjoy it, as it is very much like sitting down with Mr. Frohman and hearing him rambling with intelligent anecdote through the past. It is good light reading.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 191)

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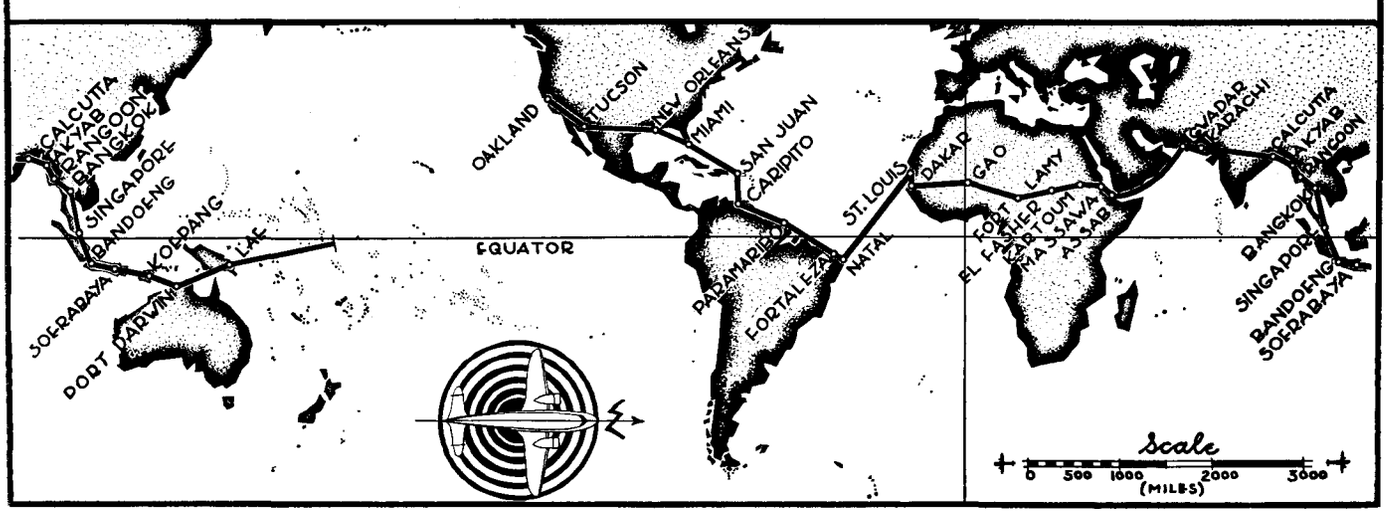

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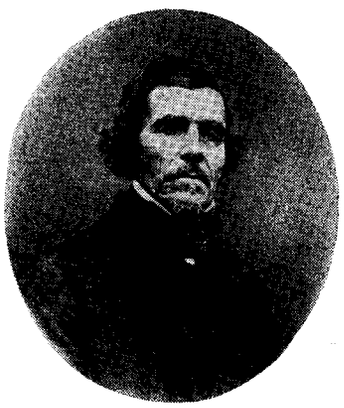

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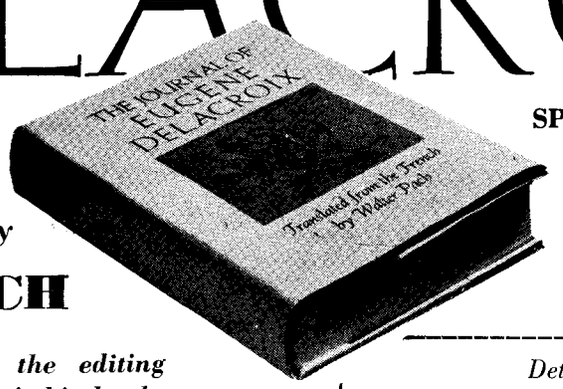
March 25, 1855—My poor Dumas, of whom I am so fond and who doubtless thinks himself a Shakespeare, does not present to the mind details as powerful nor yet an ensemble which, in our memory, shall constitute a well marked unity . . . Who would recognize in those joyous musketeers of the beginning of the work, those creatures of melodrama at the end of the story, busying themselves with a certain milady who gets a formal trial and is executed amid storm and darkness?

October 23, 1852—I prefer to converse with things rather than with men; all men are tiresome; their obsessions, etc. The work is worth more than the man. It may be that Corneille was insufferable.

June 14, 1824—Met the tall, pretty working girl. I followed her as far as the Rue de Grenelle, always meditating what course to pursue and almost miserable because I had the chance. I am always like that. I found, afterwards, all sorts of ways to use in accosting her, and when it was the right time for them, I opposed them with the most absurd difficulties. . . . Sometimes I long for the first woman to come along. And then, when a girl falls to my lot, I don't want to be obliged to act.

November 14, 1855—One of the signs of progress in the United States is that you get your father insured when he starts on one of those trips where one is constantly in danger of being smashed to bits on the ships or the railroads. Once you have confidence that, in case of an accident, the father will be restored in terms of bank notes, he can go to the moon and stay if he wants.

THE JOURNAL OF EUGENE DELACROIX



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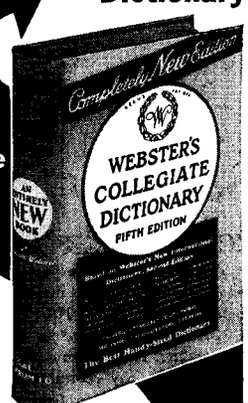

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Biography

LAST FLIGHT. By Amelia Earhart. Arranged by George Palmer Putnam. Harcourt, Brace. 1937. $2.50.

The tragic fate which overtook Miss Earhart lends a melancholy interest to that portion of her journals and messages which have here been gathered together and published with an introduction by her husband. The main portion of the book is given over to a record of her last ill-fated flight while the early part briefly sketches the development of her interest in aviation, her solo flights across the Atlantic and the Pacific, and her activities at Purdue University. Miss Earhart was the aviator born, if ever there was one. From her earliest youth she was fascinated by the mechanical, and until her death was interested, as few women are, in both the scientific and practical sides of her profession. Her chronicle wears an engaging modesty born of her complete absorption in her work. It is a straightforward narrative, every now and then breaking into colorful portrayal, the intrinsic interest of which carries the reader along despite the slightness of its material. As to Miss Earhart's discussion of educational matters and of the problems and opportunities of women, which breaks into the description of her flying experiences, that is thin and lacks the grace of expression which on occasion touches to life the account of her travels. It is as the document of a brave spirit rather than as anything else that her book deserves notice.

A. L.

Fiction

THE PRAYING MANTIS. By Edgar Johnson. Stackpole. 1937. $2.

In "Unweave a Rainbow," Edgar Johnson wrote a fantasy of distinction, handled with both delicacy and wit. Since then he has given us a large history of biography, "One Mighty Torrent," and now presents his second novel. The story is interesting and we should like to report that he has been wholly successful, but this we do not feel. In the character of Arline Perry the author shows us a fastidious but essentially sterile and uncreative modern woman, entirely self-centred; she possesses beauty still, and desires homage from men. Her husband is an unsubtle, generous, well-liked publisher. Arline has long hated him, and desires his death. Eventually he is stabbed, and a detective, Manton, essays to solve the mystery, bringing about an unexpected confounding of Arline.

It would not be fair to give the reader more of the plot that this. But when Mr. Johnson conceived the idea of having a potential Clytemnestra caught in the toils of her own machinations, he seems to have seen her first as a character of such subtlety that Henry James might have been glad to deal with her. To show how she moulded at least one character to be her tool, influenced others, and prepared a situation, needs a defter touch than Mr. Johnson displays. Overheard remarks, convincing apparently unusually impressionable people, are worked to death. In the crisis, Zona does not convince. She merely does what the author tells her to do. The Henry Jamesian situation becomes an ordinary mystery story, except that the reader is in the secret throughout, and one's interest in finishing the book is to see Arline confounded. Mr. Johnson possesses more intelligence than the average mystery-story writer and more interest in sophisticated people, but he seems to have written this book in a hurry.

W. R. B.

THE FLOWERING ALOE. By Sylvia Stevenson. Holt. 1937. $2.50.

Miss Stevenson in this novel states again the problem of the mother who has outlived her usefulness to her children and that of the daughter who, loving her mother, yet must rebuff her emotional and possessive reproach if she is to live her own life of reason and independence.

Even a mother's sense and experience cannot help her grown daughter much; for though Selina had been canny enough to refuse the contemporary Othello who years ago had charmed her, yet she was powerless to protect Caroline from falling in love for the first—and possibly the last—time with an explorer of mountains and women. For her sons, Selina can do little either; but this troubles her less, for tradition expects them to escape her tutelage.

The picture which Miss Stevenson gives us of the "dark complexity of the social strata" of Selina's English village is happier than her character creation or her

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somewhat heavy satire on spiritualism, the modern movie, or the Oxford Group. At her best, she is agreeably readable, with an occasional surprising phrase; at her worst, she lapses into such female small change as Selina's admiration for Caroline's hair, in spite of "her refusing to use that special shampoo Kerleezi, which was said to be marvelous."

It must in short be admitted that "The Flowering Aloe" represents yet another in the long series of novels by clever women who for all their perception and their charm, cannot give their writing life or distinction.

K. S.

FINE FLOWERS IN THE VALLEY. By Donald Wayne. Scribners. 1937. $2.50.

Mr. Wayne has everything it takes to put together a first class novel, even though this isn't the one. It starts beautifully, crisply, with the simultaneous introduction of a half dozen characters so well turned out and defined and differentiated as to raise all kinds of hopes. True, we've met them before and could name the places: the tough Brooklyn bootlegger, the garage mechanic, the candy-store-keeper, the girl in trouble, her tough little brother, and the others. But that doesn't matter, since they are so essentially real and right as Mr. Wayne sets them down. What isn't real is the long winding thread of narrative they are wound up in. This faintly pessimistic tale, of a girl pursued from town to country to town again by the persistent stigma of a crime she has committed, makes little or no use of the vigor inherent in these characters; they could have acted out a stronger tale then Mr. Wayne has set for them. They survive it anyway, and we have a lingering impression of Joe Boscia's sinewy personality even while we are wondering what the point is in Jane's endless bad luck.

N. L. R.

FAMILY STYLE. Karle Wilson Baker. Coward-McCann. 1937. $2.50.

Mrs. Baker's story of a Texas oil-field is well-conceived and well thought-out, full of drama and sound knowledge of human beings, but merely one more of the endless procession of novels to be read and thrust away on a shelf and forgotten. It is in effect a success-story, but the author's effort has been to trace the deeper changes, the underlying drama, that the spectacular miracle of oil can work in quiet lives. Her central characters, plain enough without, are people of intrinsic sensitiveness and fineness, even of complexity. She understands them, she has an eye for delicately adjusted relationships, she can construct a plot, write lovely passages of description, she has a novelist's sense of change in character—yet something is lacking. Her characters are more interesting to us when she expounds them, as she does, in long paragraphs of analysis, than when they appear on the page and speak for themselves. It is, perhaps, that intelligence and capability have made this book, rather than an instinct for fiction; that what is lacking is the indefinable touch of the true fiction writer who can make his material more than flat reporting.

C. C.

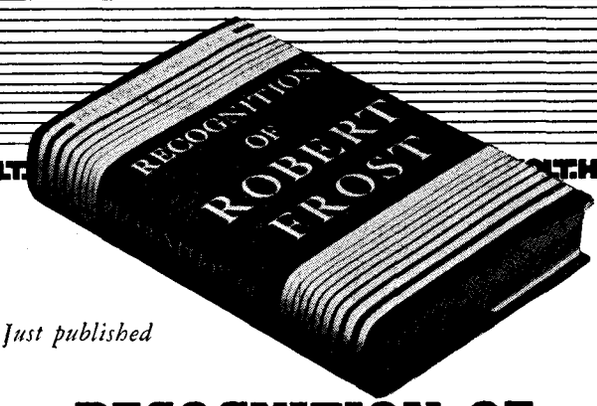
Travel

NOTES ON A DRUM: TRAVEL SKETCHES IN GUATEMALA. By Joseph Henry Jackson. Macmillan. 1937. $3.

Mr. Jackson, whose position as the most urbane of American travel writers was established with his recent "Mexican Interlude," has now responded to the lure which entices the tourist of today to fresher pastures south of Mexico. He has the kind of professional competence one expects in a doctor or lawyer, but never in a travel-writer. He knows what to look for and how to look for it, and when he has found what he is after he knows how to put it down in writing so that one would not change a word. He has, besides, an unfailing sense of humor. Having decided to "do" Guatemala, the Jacksons (both travel and one writes) not only read the current literature on the subject, but delved into the more solid works of the past. They undoubtedly knew more about the country before they had set foot on its soil than most Americans learn in twenty years of residence. And, what is equally important, they have the "feel" of the country.

The majority of these sketches deal with the highlands where the Maya-Quiché Indians have not yet been Europeanized, and they reflect the Jacksons' taste for established tourist routes in preference to unbeaten paths along which food, shelter, and security come haphazard. Flamboyant adventure is not their line. A horse carried Jackson up a volcano, and he is emphatic in stating that no horse shall ever do that to him again. Similarly, neither of them enjoyed the tropical lowland. But the tourist, unlike the city editor, does not demand that his reporter go through fire to get the story. He will find ample satisfaction, as it is, in the best latter-day account of the Guatemalan highlands, and the stay-at-home reader will have the opportunity of proving once more that the most entertaining travel-book is the one in which solid worth is laced with just the right brand of frivolity.

L. J. H. Jr.



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DEEMS TAYLOR
". . . man of music and man of letters

Of Men and Music is the title of the new DEEMS TAYLOR book and it was published last week, amidst joyous outcries from the many thousands of radio listeners who hear the Philharmonic broadcasts not only for the great music but for the civilized and illuminating program comment by MR. TAYLOR.

This book stems partly from DEEMS TAYLOR'S radio talks, which have been edited, expanded and integrated with other writings.

In these pages DEEMS TAYLOR discusses, with the delightful informality of conversation, just the sort of musical shop talk which the normal non-professional music-lover wants to hear. . . . Such as the ways to listen to modern music. . . . And why RICHARD WAGNER was such "a monster" and such a great musician. And just where JOHN PHILIP SOUSA stands in the musical scheme of things. And the sidelights and intimate gossip of the lives of many of the great and near-great men of music.

Of Men and Music is divided into three sections—*Yesterday*, *Today* and *Tomorrow*. Thus more than two-thirds of the book concerns itself with modern music and what to do about it.

NEWS! Representatives of all the arts are acclaiming *The Arts*, by HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON, America's leading non-fiction best-seller. . . . Tributes from WALTER DAMROSCH, ROCKWELL KENT, BOARDMAN ROBINSON, and many other artists are whole-heartedly enthusiastic about this book of all the arts for all the people. . . . *Published last week: The Life of Jesus*, by the REVEREND CONRAD NOEL, a biography which is as radical as it is reverent, by a distinguished English churchman who is at home in the writings of MARX, ENGELS, and LENIN as he is in the works of the great theologians. *Prediction:* This book will be greeted as the first great modern appreciation of the life of JESUS. . . . *Department of Complaints:* This week one of your correspondents received a memo from the other one. It read: "You publishers are all alike. Here it is published an hour ago and no ads have run for my book. If I were a 'famous' author perhaps things would be different." Thus bludgeoned into it, your other correspondent is forced to mention that any book store or photographer shop will supply you with *Miniature Photography, From One Amateur to Another*, by RICHARD L. SIMON, the candid camera virtuoso of —ESSANDESS

Authors of the Week

Mari Sandoz

Miss Sandoz was the second child of the fourth wife of the remarkable Swiss pioneer, Jules Sandoz, who fought for forty years to make possible a community in the sandhills region of Nebraska. Miss Sandoz's first book, a striking portrait of her father, won the Atlantic Monthly $5,000 Non-Fiction Prize in 1935. She has told us that the book grew out of long hours "in the smoky old kitchen on the Running Water [the Nebraska community], the silent hours of listening behind the stove or the wood box, when it was assumed, of course, that I was asleep in bed." Miss Sandoz has contributed stories and articles to various magazines, and has been for some time associate editor of the *Nebraska History Magazine*.

"Slogum House," by Mari Sandoz, is reviewed on page 6.

Deems Taylor

If you asked at the National Institute of Arts and Letters or at the Authors' League of America for Joseph Taylor, they would probably not recognize one of their members. Yet such is this well-known American composer's first name; and in the days when he was writing remarkable light verse for F. P. A., his signature was his middle name transmogrified into "Smeed." His middle name should really, however, be "Versatile." He was a track man at New York University, as well as a scholar and editor. He has edited encyclopedias, been a newspaperman in France, on *Collier's Weekly*, music critic on the *New York World*, editor of *Musical America*, a member of the American Philosophical Society, the composer of two operas—"The King's Henchman," with book by Edna St. Vincent Millay, and "Peter Ibbetson," both commissioned by the Metropolitan—and various other musical works. Taylor lives today in Stamford, Connecticut, where he practically built his own house, being also a good carpenter, but he is one of your true Manhattanites, born in New York City three days before Christmas in 1885. New York University made him a Doctor of Music *honoris causa* in 1927, and in 1931 he received an honorary Litt. D. from Juniata College. He has one daughter by his second wife, Mary Kennedy, the actress, from whom he is now divorced.

"Of Men and Music," by Deems Taylor, is reviewed on page 12.

Lin Yutang

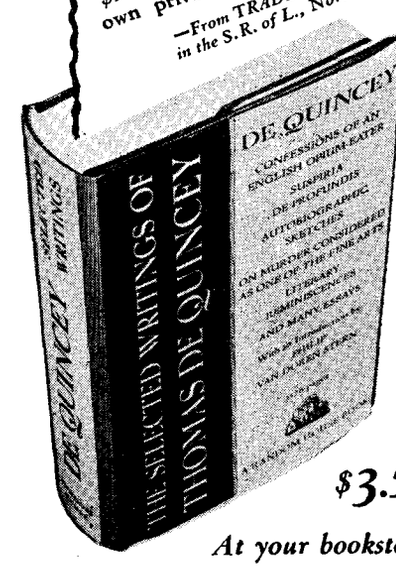
Lin Yutang, born in 1895, in Changchow, Fukien Province, is one of the best-known scholars and writers of China. His home is in Shanghai, but he is now in New York. His father, pastor of the American Reformed Church Mission, he speaks of as "a second generation Christian." In early youth Lin Yutang was fascinated by machinery and still believes he is going to invent the best Chinese typewriter. He is even contemplating attending the Massachusetts Institute of Technology when in his fiftieth year! He was educated at mission schools and went to St. John's College in Shanghai. He began as a zealous Christian but now calls himself "happily a pagan." He became a teacher of English at Tsinghua, the American Boxer Indemnity College. His wife was also born in a mission family and educated in mission schools. They came together to America when, in 1919-1920, Dr. Lin studied at Harvard. They then went to Jena and Leipzig. In China once more, he was appointed a professor in Peking National University. He was counted among the radical professors, and finally he joined the new Wuhan Government as secretary in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Later he became an author. The Lins have three daughters between the ages of six and thirteen, who are now in America with them. Theirs is an ideal home life. Dr. Lin does not play Mahjong, but enjoys a game of poker now and then, provided a strict limit of two dollars, win or lose, is stipulated beforehand.

"The Importance of Living," by Lin Yutang, is reviewed on page 7.

At the top of Old Q's private Xmas list...

The happiest surprise Old Q. has experienced this autumn is Random House's one-volume edition of De Quincey—which gives us nearly 1200 pp. (excellently chosen and introduced by Philip Van Doren Stern) of the Opium Eater. This embraceable and muscular little book, printed and bound in Random House's usual good taste, costs $3.50 and goes to the top of our own private Christmas List.

—From *TRADE WINDS*, in the S. R. of L., Nov. 7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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

WHAT most excited Old Q. in the many and ingenious exhibits at the New York Book Fair was to learn that Dr. Sigmund Freud had a pawky sense of humor. For on the title-page of the original edition (Vienna, 1900) of his *Traumdeutung* (Interpretation of Dreams) Freud put the following motto—is it Virgil?—

Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.

☞The only rememberable dream that your commissioner had on his recent Trade Survey was on the train from Chicago to Montreal. Sleep was but fitful, for the Michigan Central R. R. had suddenly decided to take off the diner, and Old Q. went to his couch, as did several others, without his midnight collation. And dreamed, as the train jolted past the celery ranches of Kalamazoo, that he was in an earthquake and walls and houses crumbling down upon him. ☞Old Q. must have been in a versifying mood: when the train paused half an hour at Toronto he went out to explore and so almost missed Mr. Ted Pike and his charming assistant Miss Jean Hunnisett, Canadian publishers, who were waiting to greet him at the stairhead. So he subsequently wired an apology:

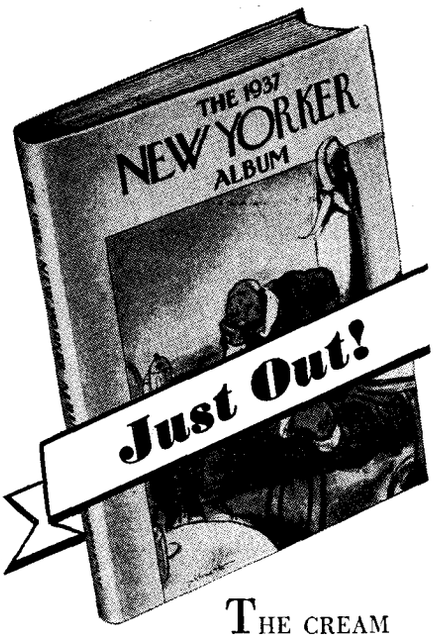
If I had known that you were there
Waiting in Toronto
I'd have climbed the station stair
Very much more pronto.

☞No publisher has yet made Old Q. an offer for his poems, but he keeps on writing them. ☞The pleasantest versifying he heard on this trip was done by Mr. Vincent Starrett of Chicago, whose privately printed *Ballad of Brobdingnag* caused Q. the most whole-riffed laughter of the autumn. Mr. Starrett is at work on a volume of literary reminiscence and bibliophily which he calls tentatively Paramour of Print. ☞At a dinner given in Chicago by Mr. Ben Abramson of the Argus Bookshop Mrs. Marcella Burns Hahner of Marshall Field's was the guest of honor, and speeches were made by all: Mr. Louis Zara, whose new novel was about to appear, was also a guest, and afterwards some of the members taught Old Q. to play *bocche* which is a sort of Italian version of bowls, played with Scotch whiskey and weighted cork balls in a cement alley in a cellar. ☞We were naturally delighted to see that Adolph Kroch, in opening his new addition to the famous Michigan Avenue bookstore, had strictly followed the rhymed suggestions made in this column, and put in the window all the books suggested by sentimental Old Q. ☞In a mood of classicism, Old Q. fell to translating Catullus: if you remember Catullus's lovely poem about *Unguentum dabo*, this was Q.'s version, dedicated to the grand old Congress Hotel where still lingers a faintest savor of that perfumed antiseptic used by the former management—

Fabullus, you ascetic
I'll show you the cosmetic
That Venus gave my girl to wear
to parties and to shows—
Oldtimer, when you sniff it
I lose my wager if it
Doesn't make you wish that you might be
One Hundred Per Scent Nose.

Which we think is a good translation of *ut te totum nasum faciant.*

☞Old Q. was particularly sorry that his visit to Indianapolis was only for a few hours on a rainy Sunday evening so he had no chance to renew old trade acquaintances in that city—which was the first Middlewestern town he ever visited, in the old days of Percy Beach's bookshop at the Spink Arms Hotel. ☞The most surprising adventure was a visit to the wonderful Catholic school of St. Thomas the Apostle, on Woodlawn Avenue in Chicago, where Sister Mary Rose (the librarian) and her pupils had arranged a special display to interest Old Q., and where Monsignor Shannon took us to his study afterward and talked enchantingly about Chesterton and Belloc, and we discovered our mutual love for *Father Malachy's Miracle*—the dramatization of which is now playing here in N. Y. ☞Ted Pike travelled with us from Toronto to Montreal, where we attended the opening of the Book Fair—Montreal's first. The exhibit was opened by Mayor Renault, who had to leave early—partly we fear because we tried our French on him. Heartiest congratulation to Mr. J. Murray Gibbon and the other officers of the Canadian Bookmen for having arranged so lively and attractive a show. ☞Now we are back for the very liveliest of the Xmas Season, and must concentrate on work. But Old Q. believes it is good for him to See the World while he may.



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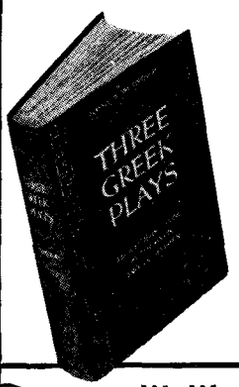

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THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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PERSONALS

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Double-Crostics: No. 192

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

1-X	2-B	■	3-L	4-H	■	5-T	6-K	7-P	8-B	■	9-R	10-C	11-H	12-G	■	13-T	14-R	
15-C	16-F	17-L	■	18-T	19-Q	20-W	21-G	22-D	23-R	■	24-R	25-K	26-O	27-W	28-B	29-H	30-L	
31-P	32-C	33-U	34-Q	35-M	36-S	■	37-T	38-X	39-W	40-C	41-E	42-O	43-Q	■	44-W	45-N	46-V	
47-F	48-X	■	49-J	50-N	■	51-G	■	52-W	53-X	54-L	■	55-T	56-O	57-U	58-S	59-E	60-V	
61-X	62-R	■	63-I	64-F	65-V	66-A	■	67-Q	68-M	■	69-G	70-F	71-S	72-C	73-J	74-A	■	
75-F	76-I	■	77-P	78-Q	79-B	80-F	■	81-T	82-W	83-D	84-S	85-E	86-O	87-C	■	88-O	89-A	
90-F	91-M	92-V	93-C	■	94-G	95-O	96-B	97-Q	■	98-X	99-M	100-A	101-V	102-Q	103-F	104-O	■	
105-V	106-M	107-N	108-I	■	109-F	110-D	111-H	112-E	■	113-A	114-V	115-U	■	116-K	117-N	118-P	119-W	
120-L	■	121-N	122-M	123-I	■	124-P	125-V	126-X	127-L	128-J	129-U	■	130-S	131-I	132-R	133-B	134-U	
135-M	■	136-G	137-V	■	138-T	139-W	140-Q	141-X	142-L	■	143-L	144-B	145-H	■	146-J	147-Q	148-N	
149-W	150-H	■	151-J	152-C	153-L	154-B	155-H	■	156-S	157-U	158-E	159-W	■	160-T	161-M	162-B	163-I	
164-F	165-N	■	166-A	167-Q	168-K	■	169-E	170-K	171-C	172-G	173-F	174-R	175-W	176-T	177-H	178-J	■	
179-X	180-B	181-D	182-E	163-C	184-F	■	185-G	186-K	187-H	■	188-N	189-S	190-J	191-G	■	■	■	

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary.

The Solution of last week's *Double - Crostic* will be found on page 18 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Knight (German).

B. Unlikely opportunities (comp.).

C. Cheery.

D. Goddess of Discord (Gr.).

E. Unwound (comp.).

F. Use subterfuges.

G. Bamboozled (slang).

H. Opera by Wagner.

I. Hard to manage (dialect).

J. First name of a U. S. President.

K. Legal minority.

L. Undivided.

M. Paragon.

N. Chaucer's first name.

O. Formative; impressionable.

P. In respect to.

Q. Outbreak of noisy sport (slang).

R. Seizures.

S. Chests.

T. Disconcert.

U. Russian composer (1855-1914).

V. Tone down, subdue (slang) (comp.).

W. Not softened or lessened.

X. Deceptively subtle reasoning.

WORDS

66 89 166 113 74 100

2 96 162 28 180 79 144 154 133 8

40 87 15 32 152 93 183 72 171 10

83 110 181 22

182 169 85 158 41 112 59

184 103 164 109 75 64 70 90 16 173 80 47

69 21 12 185 51 94 136 172 191

187 155 177 29 4 150 111 11 145

163 131 76 63 123 108

146 49 128 178 73 190 151

170 186 25 6 116 168

153 54 30 143 127 120 3 142 17

35 122 68 161 135 99 91 106

188 107 148 121 50 117 165 45

56 42 86 104 26 95 88

31 7 118 124 77

147 67 19 140 167 78 34 102 43 97

24 14 62 132 174 23 9

130 189 71 156 58 84 36

81 5 160 13 138 176 18 55 37

57 33 157 134 115 129

101 114 137 105 46 65 60 125 92

175 149 39 139 82 27 20 119 44 159 52

1 61 98 141 53 48 179 126 38

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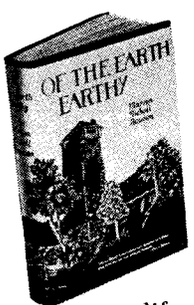

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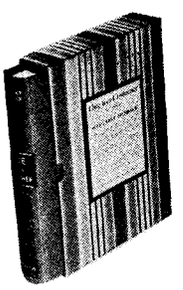

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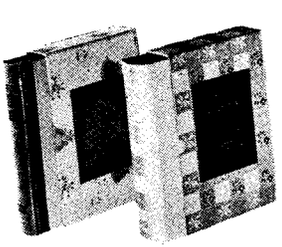

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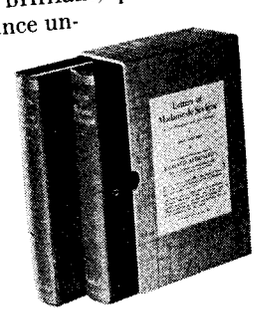

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